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The experiment was tried in the old Colonies, and failed. To say nothing of the native governors at an earlier time, seven out of the thirteen at the Revolutionary period were of this description, and some of them seem to have been disliked and assailed by their former equals and rivals on this very account. Human nature has not changed, and a second attempt to place the administration of Colonial affairs in the hands of distinguished Colonists would result as unsuccessfully as did the first.

We have now noticed the principal questions which agitate our neighbours across the border, and we hasten to conclude our task. In our introductory remarks, we expressed the opinion that England would lose her continental possessions in America at no distant day ; whether this opinion rests on sufficient grounds, our readers will now judge for themselves. To continue the connection with the mother country is the desire of a strong party ; but the Colonists who prefer independence or annexation to the United States will soon, if they do not already, form a majority. With those who wish to become members of this Union we have no sympathy. Our views upon this subject were freely spoken in these pages in 1845, and need not be repeated. We then said, that, whenever the event could be consummated in peace and good-will, we should rejoice at the formation of a second confederacy of American States. Nothing has occurred to change this feeling, but much to confirm and strengthen it. Annexation would do neither party any good ; and we could easily enumerate many calamities which would be likely to happen, were such a measure to be attempted by either.

ART. II. — *Nieboska Komedya.* Paryż. 1835.*

THE title of this poem † will, we believe, be most adequately rendered in English “ The Profane Comedy.” It

* This article is a continuation of the essay on Polish literature contained in the last number of this Review. The present portion was intended for publication at the same time with the former, but the article was divided on account of its too great length.

† Literally, *The Not-divine Comedy.*

is apparently intended as an antithesis to that of the *Divina Commedia* ; and perhaps imports, that, as the Italian poet relates visions of things sacred, of the spiritual world and the future life of the soul, so the author of the *Nieboska Komedya* passes into the future of this common, profane life, and recounts the retributions of the present world.

The *Nieboska Komedya*, though in effect a poem, is written in prose. The language, however, especially in the more elevated passages, is highly poetical. The author frequently employs quaint, sometimes obsolete and Scriptural, forms of expression. We have preferred to present our extracts in a rhythmical version, as this will, we believe, convey to the reader a better idea of the original, and, as allowing of more condensation and greater freedom of language, may even be found more literal than a prose translation.

Our author has chosen the dramatic form ; but his piece is in no respect governed by the rules of the drama. It is divided into four parts, — not, however, called acts, — each introduced by a prologue, in which the subject of the ensuing division of the piece is indicated.

The exact scene of the events which are related is left undetermined ; we know only that it is in Europe, — apparently in Slavonian Europe. The chief hero of the piece is probably a Pole, — a Polish magnate. He receives, however, no other title than that of “ The Man ” ; his wife is simply “ The Woman.” The other personages have, for the most part, titles merely descriptive of their country or station, or expressive of their characters.

The visible and invisible world touch everywhere ; good and evil spirits walk among the living persons of the drama, and seem not less actual than they.

The time, like the place, of this drama is undefined. It lies in the future, at a period, probably, not very distant from our own. When the play opens, we find ourselves in the midst of a failing and decrepit state of society, where all is artificial and unreal ; where old institutions, having lost their significance, remain as dead forms, or as oppressive burdens. Every member of such a society is placed in a false position as regards every other. The natural and the factitious conscience are continually at war. The highest endowments are bestowed in vain ; deprived of their free and natural development, these are to their possessor but sources of

acuter suffering or more daring error. A deep mournfulness is thrown over the whole of these first scenes. The sketches are slight and rapid, but full of significance. We have the ceremonious bridal ; a glimpse of the splendid ball that celebrates it ; the christening, — a banquet where careless guests chat and divert themselves, — only to the broken-hearted mother is it a religious rite. We meet the cold, formal priest ; the cold, formal physician ; the speculative philosopher, theorizing, without sympathy, upon the condition and prospects of the world, and feeling only an intellectual interest in its present misery and its doubtful future. During the scenes of the first and second parts, we remain upon the upper surface of society, amid the sickly luxuriance which covers that hollow crust ; but we have, through all, bodings of the grosser misery that lies beneath, and, from time to time, dim glimpses into that terrible lower world. Between the first and second part occurs an interval of ten years. The scenes of the second are extended over a period of four years. In the third part, the period is supposed to have arrived when the folly and oppression of the dominant, and the miseries of the subjected, classes have filled their measure. The author, looking upon all the gloomy portents of his time, — the prodigal luxury, the squalid want, the misery long endured, the justice long delayed, — forebodes the coming of a terrible vengeance, and sees, with the eye of the poet and the prophet, the storm that shall hereafter desolate the kingdoms. Although he has restricted the scene of this drama to no particular region, but has supposed one general outburst of the subjected masses to bring one sweeping destruction to the aristocracy of Europe, yet we feel that the crimes of his country to her slighted children are chiefly present to him ; that it is to his own countrymen, to his own brother nobles, that he would, above all, address his warning. Never, indeed, does a Pole entirely lose the thought of his country. His deed, his word, are hers ; and whether it be in lines of tenderness or of reproach, what he writes he writes for her. As the sufferings and wrongs of Poland are never absent from the mind of any Pole, so to the more noble-minded and clear-thinking among them are still present the mistakes and misdeeds that have aided to cause those sufferings, and have opened a path to those wrongs. Among these misdeeds stands foremost that long course of injustice

which has reduced the Polish peasant from the free tiller of a soil, the common property of the nation, to be a mere adjunct to the land on which he delves ; an injustice which, in the hour of her need, has robbed Poland of that which is the surest bulwark of a nation's freedom, — the stout arms and strong hearts of a free yeomanry.

Yet has the guilt of Poland, in this regard, not been greater than that of other countries. The name of republic which she claimed, and the jealous love of liberty which her nobles have always boasted, have rendered their injustice to their weaker brothers the more noticeable ; but the condition of the Polish peasant, hapless as it often was, was not so intolerable as that of the serf in those countries where an alien race trampled, without scruple, on the abject people, whose inability to defend their land left them no longer a property in it, and whose lives were held but as a gift from their conquerors. The Polish kmeton was of the same blood with his lord ; he spoke the same language ; he cherished the name of the same fatherland. If in Poland, as elsewhere, the desire of possession and the love of ease led the powerful to encroach upon the rights of the weak, and to live contentedly on the labor of others, yet was the conscience of the oppressor never allowed to sink into apathy, nor could he, for a length of time, forget the tenure upon which he held his power. The lesser nobles could not repel the encroachments of the more powerful, appeal to the constitution, and demand the restoration of the ancient equality, without accusing themselves, and recalling the memory of the time when the relation of the peasant to his lord was that of a younger to an elder brother, — when service rendered on the one part was but the voluntary acknowledgment of protection granted on the other. The king was, not from humanity only, but from interest, the protector of the commonalty ; since the overgrown power of the nobles threatened his prerogatives no less than their liberties. Accordingly, when the sceptre was held by a hand at once beneficent and vigorous, the people enjoyed quiet and security, under just laws, uprightly administered. The annals of Poland present us with many such intervals of calm. In the days of the first Jagellons, the peasants and the poorer nobles had their full share in the prosperity which those wise rulers secured to the country. The schools were opened to them ; and

we find numerous examples of men upon whom birth had conferred no distinction, who won it by their genius or attainments. Janicki, who, for his poems in Latin, obtained the laureate crown at Rome, was a common peasant. Kromer, bishop of Varnice, and a celebrated historian, was of the humblest origin. Dantisk, the son of an artisan, attained to the senatorial dignity, and was equally distinguished as a poet and a diplomatist. The annals of those times offer the names of many others who rose from the lowest station to the highest dignities. The writers of Poland have, in all times, been fearless in reprobating the crimes of the great. Her historians have been faithful to their duty. Even the biographers, in other countries so often mere panegyrists, here have not failed, while they chronicle with pride the achievements of their hero, to censure him with severity, whenever, forgetting the patriot in the magnate, he has looked to the aggrandizement of his order, and not solely to the prosperity of his country.

Nor have there been wanting among the great nobles themselves men wise and truly patriotic, who saw the danger that threatened their country from the slavery and degradation of so many of her children, and strove, by the enactment of wise laws, to effect their restoration to their rights. If these attempts have been too often baffled by prejudice or selfishness, let us not reprobate too harshly the inconsistency of the Poles. Let us remember how slow, even in our own land of freedom, is the march of justice, when there is question, not of recovering our own rights, but of restoring those of others. Let us remember how even the wise and good among us regard the dangers of change as more to be deprecated than those of any existing wrong.

The Profane Comedy presents us with two heroes, the representatives of the opposite classes of society. The one, a noble, of ancient family, of boundless wealth, — one on whom nature and condition have bestowed every gift, and whose intellect and imagination have been refined and exalted by the highest degree of culture. The other, a plebeian, a man of coarse, common sense, of clear, strong intellect. He has formed himself by the study of the real world, of actual life ; but of a world of selfishness and meanness, of life such as it shows itself to one to whom poetic sentiment and religious faith are alike unknown.

Both are men whose energy and strength of will give them power over the mind and will of others.

Both walk in false paths. The man of genius, led astray by love of the ideal, by desire of the lofty and transcendent, is careless of the quiet affections and humble duties of the every-day world. He asks of this earthly life more than it has to offer, and demands of himself and of his race a perfection that humanity has never yet attained. Baffled and disappointed, he throws from him the beautiful illusions of his youth, disowns his former faith in progress and regeneration, and devotes himself to the support of the established order, with the same zeal and courage with which he once assailed it and would have raised up a new world upon its ruins. All the charm, all the glory, that his imagination once lent to the dream of a golden future, now casts its light upon the crumbling monuments of the past. From the misty heights of transcendental speculation, he descends to accept a sensible religion, a religion of manifest signs, of outward power and splendor. It is the conquering creed before which the systems of the ancient world have fallen. It is the hereditary religion of his house ; that beneath whose banner his forefathers have won dominion and renown.

The man of the people, on the other hand, the man of intellect, of practical wisdom, believes only in the present and the actual ; if he looks to a future, it is a future bounded by this earthly life, limited to this earthly planet. Sprung of a race whose obscure lives neither chronicle nor monument records, the past is to him but the history of the crimes of a triumphant aristocracy, — of the wrongs of an oppressed and imbruted people. His will is his religion ; he acknowledges no other God than his intellect, that power by which he sways the minds of the people, and thinks to regulate the destinies of the world.

The aristocratic hero is called "The Man" ; the representative of the masses receives the name of Pancratius. With neither of these men is the truth ; and to neither is awarded the final triumph.

It has been made matter of reproach to our author, by some of the liberals of his own nation, that, in his delineation of these contrasted portraits, he has not shown himself wholly insensible to the prejudices of his order. It is not to be denied, that his sympathies are rather with the enthu-

siast and the noble, than with the cold-blooded, irreverent man of the people. It could not but be so. The poet has many points in common with "The Man" of his drama. In birth, in genius, in ardor, in a quick sense of the true and beautiful, he is one with his hero; and, sharing with him the same gifts, he may have shared, too, in some measure, the same temptations. To the man of imagination and sentiment, the thought of ancient birth, of hereditary renown, must have a charm, at least over his fancy; and to the heir of large domain, though shielded by the double guard of philosophy and religious faith, there must come hours when the perils of his station are present to him; when he must tremble, if only with a transient fear, lest even upon his own high, free spirit the prejudices of caste should one day press their thralldom. It is a mournful and half-reluctant sympathy that he yields his high-born hero; nor does it make him unjust in his portrait of the representative of the plebeian order. He gives to the arguments of the democrat no less earnestness and energy, and greater force of reasoning, than he allows to those of his rival. He spares, in the mouth of Pancratius, no bitter word, no hateful truth, as, with stinging tongue, the leveller recounts the crimes and follies of a debased aristocracy, and, passing in review the ancestral portraits in the palace of the count, relates the history of too many a noble house. If, as "The Man," in his indignant answer, repels his scoffs, and declares the ancient noble to have been the benefactor and protector of the people, our author allows the aristocrat a momentary triumph in the breasts of his readers, it may be forgiven to one who sees the cities of his native land yet adorned and enriched by the monuments of the munificence of his ancestors.*

The author of the *Nieboska Komedya* has again been reproached with yielding to a certain aristocratic bias, when he relates, in all their horror and absurdity, the excesses of the wild mob whom Pancratius thinks to lead through blood and riot to a life of order and fraternal union. We believe that those who have brought this reproach against him

* Richly endowed churches, and public gardens, in Warsaw and other cities of Poland, bearing the family name of the author of the *Nieboska Komedya*, yet attest the ancient greatness and liberality of his house.

have taken but a hasty and superficial view of the purpose of the poet. He paints, indeed, with unsparing pencil, the scenes of violence and mad license which follow the sudden enfranchisement of a long degraded people ; yet it is in no scorn of human nature that he writes ; it is from no want of sympathy with the weak and low, no cold indifference to wrong. He does but give, unflinchingly, the truth, such as the history of the past has recorded it, such as the history of the future will again record it, if, before the season of this prefigured day of desolation, a purer disinterestedness govern not the dealings of man with his fellow ; if a nobler faith than has heretofore lighted the counsels of collective man inform not the social chaos, and compose to harmony its jarring elements. Not to the ignorant and misguided people, not even to their presumptuous leader, is the lesson read which this picture of bloody horror is designed to teach. It is to the rulers who, refusing to recognize the principles on which alone government is founded, have turned to the uses of oppression and selfish ambition the power intrusted to them that they might protect and defend ; to the so-called statesmen who have acknowledged no higher law than expediency, the poor expediency of the moment. It is for the enlightened and refined, for those whom intellect and high station have made as gods upon the earth ; for those who, while their own lives were sunned by the light of knowledge, and made beautiful by the charms of poetry and the refinements of taste, have been content that their brother should sit in darkness and squalor ; who, while the earth beneath them was heaving with the coming outbreak of the long smothered anguish, have taken their ease in their possessions. “ The Man ” himself points this moral, when, in the last hopeless days of their existence, he upbraids the nobles with the frivolity and selfishness which have prepared their ruin. He has not shared their apathy and recklessness ; the crime that dooms him to partake their fate is of another order.

The introduction to the first part of the drama is in the form of an address to Poetry. In this prologue we find foreshadowed the errors and the fate of the man of genius whose career is traced in the scenes which follow. It is without title, and is, on a first reading, somewhat obscure. In this prologue, the author, after celebrating the power and

wide domain of Poetry, grieves over the unworthy uses to which it is too often brought, by those who, unconscious or unmindful that it is a holy trust, squander it in frivolous pastime, or pervert it to ignoble ends. He then declares the true office of the poetic faculty. The man on whom this holy gift has descended shall not waste his inspiration in fleeting words; he shall not profane it as the instrument of his ambition; it shall live in his life, and inform his every deed. It is in lending dignity to the humble virtues, in throwing radiance and charm over the scenes of common life, that Poetry wins its noblest triumph.

But blest is he in whom thou hast thy dwelling,
 As the creating spirit dwells in nature;
 Invisible, unheard, yet felt through all;
 Ennobling all; the God before whose presence
 Creation bends, confessing, He is here!
 From this man's brow thy glory shall beam forth,
 Even as a star, nor shall he ever set
 A gulf of words between his soul and thee.
 He shall love men, and shall go forth a man
 Among his brothers. — But who guards thee not,
 Yielding thee forth a vain delight to men,
 Upon his head thou scatterest fading flowers,
 And turn'st away. He grasps thy parting gifts,
 And twines these funeral garlands to the close.

The piece opens with the appearance of the tutelary angel who watches over the fortunes of "The Man." This guardian spirit, ever striving for the redemption of his charge, would recall him from the ideal world to the world of reality and action, of duty and self-discipline; and would win him to substitute for vain dreams of human perfectibility a warm, living sympathy with his fellow-men. To this end, he would bind him in the ties of the domestic affections.

GUARDIAN ANGEL. Peace upon earth, and among men good-
 Blessed is he, among created things, [will!
 Who hath a heart; he yet may be redeemed.
 Wife good and gentle, be revealed to him!
 Unto your house there shall a child be born.

The poet, accordingly, meets with a woman, lovely and gentle, in whom he thinks he has found the realization of his ideal. But the evil spirits who wait on man for his

ruin are as faithful to their office as those who watch over him for good ; even while the priest is blessing the bridal, they are plotting how they may best spread their snares. They will call up before the poet the vision of his early love ; they will tempt him with dreams of fame and power ; they will draw him back from practical duties to Utopian visions.

EVIL SPIRITS. Forth on your way, ye phantoms, seek the
Thou at the head, shade of his buried mistress! [poet!
Decked out with flowers, and wreathed about with mist,
The poet's early love, lead thou the way!
Forth thou too, Fame, old eagle stuffed in hell!
Loosed from the pale whereon the hunter hung thee,
Spread forth thy huge, white pinions to the sun,
Above the poet's head. Forth from our vaults,
Come thou too, Eden, cracked, worm-eaten picture,
The work of Beelzebub! We 'll mend thee up
With paint and glue, and varnish thee afresh ;
Now wrap thyself in clouds and seek the poet!
Compass him round ; alternate day and night ;
Let rocks and woods and waters be about him.
Thus, Mother Nature, thou invest the poet!"

The evil spirit to whom the charge of personating his dead mistress is assigned departs upon her mission.

Midnight. EVIL SPIRIT (*under the form of a maiden, flying*).
But late I walked the earth at this same hour ;
Now the fierce demons drive me forth, and bid me
Put on the semblance of a holy spirit.

[*Alights in a garden.*
Flowers, weave yourselves in garlands for my hair! —

[*Hovers over a grave-yard.*
Fresh bloom and winning graces of dead maidens,
Wafted on air, floating above the grave-hills,
Wreath round my form, and blossom on my cheek!
Here the dark-haired one moulders. Round my brow
Hang your rich clusters, shadow of her tresses!
Beneath this stone, two blue, extinguished eyes ;
Hither to me, fire that once burned in them!
A hundred tapers glimmer through those windows ;
They laid a princess in the tomb to-day, —
Soft silk that wraps her, be thou borne to me!
Like a white bird I see it flutter hither.
Now, onward, onward!

In portraying the evils which spring from a false and unnatural state of society, our author does not forget the injuries it inflicts on those who are apparently its favored children ; injuries not the less to be deplored, that they often leave their victim unconscious of his wrong, and unprepared to repel it. In “*The Woman*” of his piece, the poet gives an example of the woman of over-refined life. He has, however, wisely chosen to offer in her a most favorable representative of her class. He has both deepened our sympathy, and pointed his moral yet more forcibly, by giving this victim of an unequal marriage all those qualities which, in a more natural state of society, would have made her own happiness and that of him who had chosen her. The bride of the poet is not the vain, frivolous, heartless woman of society ; she is gentle, devout, and tender. The artificial system under which she has grown up has fettered and benumbed her intellect, has robbed her of courage, of energy, of self-reliance ; but it has, in her, left untouched the most essential virtues of the female character ; she has the loyalty, the disinterestedness, the confidence, of the unperverted woman. The sphere of her thoughts is bounded by her duties ; when her poet lover exclaims, —

“ O, ever be my soul’s dream, my ideal ! ”

she answers humbly, —

“ Ever thy own true wife, as mother told me,
As my heart tells me.”

Yet is she not, by nature, incapable of comprehending her husband, or of sympathizing with him ; for to every heart that is upright and pure it is given to comprehend the highest thoughts of genius ; that which is really grand and true is ever simple ; the heart and reason even of the child can receive it. But the restraints of a narrow education have left her ignorant of her own powers. Timid and distrustful of herself, she regards her husband with a superstitious admiration, and does not even attempt to comprehend him. When she finds that her love alone can no longer make his happiness, she is left hopeless and without resource. “*The Man*,” on his part, feels and owns the virtues of his

wife. He knows that the fault was not with her, if his imagination invested its beautiful idol with gifts not her own. Yet, though half reluctantly, he owns a sense of weariness in the society of her he has chosen. He does not seek to raise his wife to a level with himself, and to call forth by the aid of her affections the intellect that has lain dormant. He turns for consolation to the world of fancy, and dwells upon the dream of companionship with one whose genius should comprehend his own, whose thought would answer his. He recalls the memory of his early love, robbed by death, before time had scattered the illusions which halo a first affection. The vision of his lost mistress appears to him first in his sleep, and mingles with his dreams.

THE MAN (*in sleep*).

Whence art thou come, unseen, unheard, so long?
As water glides, thy feet glide, — two white waves.
What holy peace is seated on thy brow!
All that I loved or dreamed of died with thee.

(*Garden by Moonlight.*)

THE MAN. I have been sleeping ever since my marriage, —
Sleeping a heavy sleep, a brutal sleep, —
The sleep of a fat German fabricant
Beside his German wife. The world, I think,
Has been asleep with me, for sympathy.
I have been riding out to see relations,
Going to shops, and calling at the doctor's;
And — for a child is to be born to me —
I must be thinking about nurses too.

[*Clock strikes from the church tower.*

O, be my own again, my old possessions,
My cloud-wrapt kingdom, governed by my thought!
In other days this midnight bell gave signal
The hour had come when I should enter you.

[*Wringing his hands.*

O God! have these unnatural bonds thy sanction?
Hast thou declared that nothing shall divide
The bodily forms whose souls repel each other, —
Each wandering forth on its own separate path,
Leaving the bodies two cold, lifeless corpses?

Once more thou art beside me, O my own!
Take me with thee! Or art thou a delusion,

Child of my brain, my thought made visible ?
 Then let me be a phantom like thyself,
 Let my existence be of mist and vapor,
 If only thus I may unite with thee.

THE MAIDEN. Wilt thou go with me, in whatever hour
 I come for thee ?

THE MAN. O, ever, ever thine ! —
 Yet stay ; why wilt thou vanish like a dream ?
 Wilt thou not tarry longer than a wish,
 A thought ?

[*Window opens in the house.*]

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. My love, this cold night air will chill
 Come in, my best, for I am frightened here, [thee ;
 In this great, gloomy room.

THE MAN. Yes, presently. —
 The spirit has vanished ; but has promised me
 Soon to return. Then farewell, house and garden !
 And thou, too, made for houses and for gardens,
 But not for me !

VOICE. For pity, love, come in !
 The air is always colder towards morning.

THE MAN. Yes, I am coming. — But my child. — O God !

The next scene presents us with the husband and wife seated in their parlour. In a corner of the room is a cradle, in which their child is sleeping. "The Woman" is at the piano ; "The Man" is extended in an arm-chair, his face covered by his hand. The mother is looking forward to the christening of her child ; she talks to her husband of her preparations for the entertainment of the guests who are to assist at the ceremony. He answers in an indifferent, abstracted manner. "The Woman" goes to the cradle of her infant, soothes and lulls it ; returns to the piano ; touches a few chords, then suddenly breaks off.

THE WOMAN. To-day, and yesterday, and all last week,
 And for three weeks, — my God ! and for a month, —
 Thou hast not said a single word to me,
 And all who see me say how ill I look.

THE MAN (*aside*). The hour is come. It cannot be delayed.
 (*Aloud.*) Nay, but it seems to me thou 'rt looking well.

THE WOMAN. 'Tis one to thee ; — thou dost not look at me ;
 Thou turn'st away whenever I come near thee,
 Coverest thy eyes if I sit down beside thee.

I went to make confession yesterday,
And called up all my sins ; and yet I found not
Wherein I had offended thee, my husband.

THE MAN. Thou hast not offended me.

THE WOMAN.

My God ! my God !

THE MAN. I know I ought to love thee.

THE WOMAN.

Ought ? O, say,

" I love thee not." At least I should know all.

[Starts up and takes the child from the cradle.

Turn not from him ; let me bear all thy anger,
But love my child. O Henry, love my child !

THE MAN. Think not of what I said. Forget it all ;
These evil moods come over me at times.

THE WOMAN. Only one word. Give me one only promise.
Thou wilt love him ?

THE MAN. And him and thee ; believe me ! "

At the moment of reconciliation, a strain of wild music is heard in the distance, coming every instant nearer ; the phantom of " The Maiden " enters just when " The Man," waking to a sense of his wife's worth and tenderness, and of his own neglect, presses his lips to her forehead, in assurance of returning affection.

THE MAIDEN. I come to bring thee joy.
Break, my beloved, the earthly chains that bind thee,
And share with me my endless, nightless world !

THE WOMAN. O holy Virgin ! what a ghastly phantom !
Pale as the dead ; — her eyes are sunk and rayless ; —
Her voice is like the creaking of a wagon
Whereon a corpse is borne.

THE MAN. Thy brow is radiant,
Thy hair is wreathed with flowers, O my beloved !

THE WOMAN. Her mouldering shroud is falling from her
shoulders.

THE MAN. Light flows about thee ! O, that voice once more !
Let me but hear that voice again and die.

THE MAIDEN. She who would hold thee from me is the
Her life is fleeting ; her love like the leaf, [phantom.
That, withering, falls among a thousand others.
I am unchangeable.

THE WOMAN. O Henry, save me !
The air is close with vapors from the tomb.

THE MAN. O woman, formed of dust and clay, blaspheme not !
See here what was God's first design for thee ;

But thou didst listen to the serpent's counsel,
And mad'st thee what thou art.

THE WOMAN. Thou shalt not leave me.

THE MAN. Beloved, I leave my home and follow thee.

[*Man goes out. Woman faints and falls with the child.*]

Then follows the christening. The guests arrive ; the priest is ready ; the father is waited for in vain. The guests chat on indifferent subjects, make conjectures as to the cause of the count's absence, and whisper mysteriously concerning the pale and mournful looks of the young countess. The ceremony at length proceeds. The godfather and godmother renounce, in the child's name, the devil and his pride ; every thing goes on coldly and formally ; but the monotony of the scene is, all at once, frightfully disturbed.

ONE OF THE GUESTS. The countess has risen, and walks as if in sleep.

SECOND GUEST. See how she stretches out her hands before And totters to her child. [her,

THIRD GUEST. Hush ! she is speaking.

THE WOMAN (*laying her hand on the child's head*).

Where is thy father gone, my little Orcio ?

FATHER BENJAMIN. Lady, I pray thee, do not interrupt.

THE WOMAN. I bless thee, Orcio, — O my child, I bless thee !

Be thou a poet, Orcio, that thy father

May love thee ever, may not cast thee off.

GODMOTHER. But, my dear Mary, I entreat of you —

THE WOMAN. Be worthy of thy father, and be like him,
And then perhaps he will forgive thy mother.

FATHER BENJAMIN. O Lady Countess, let the fear of God —

THE WOMAN. My curse on thee, if thou art not a poet !

[*Faints, and is carried out.*]

At the close of the scene, the godfather goes up to the cradle, and pronounces a benediction over the infant. He prays that his godson may become a worthy citizen ; that he may never forget to love his country. In the expressions which the good godfather makes use of, we see already a token of the tendency of the times. He is a good and honest man, sincerely desirous to promote the spreading of liberal principles, — a republican nobleman, the La Fayette of the future revolution. He has comfortable ideas of reform that the aristocracy are to plan, and the people are to be content with. He is, however, but slenderly endowed

with the spirit of prophecy, and has no foreboding of the storm which is about to burst upon Europe.

“The Man,” in the meanwhile, pursues his life of adventure, unshackled by the fetters of social life.

(*A beautiful region. Hill and woods. Mountains in the distance.*)

THE MAN. This have I sought, this prayed for, through long
Now am I near my goal. I leave behind me [years.
The world, with all its busy, striving people.
There let each ant bear off his separate load,
And if he lose it, let him skip in frenzy,
Or die of grief.

VOICE OF THE MAIDEN. Hither, beloved one, hither !

But the moment of disenchantment, of remorse, arrives at length.

(*Cliffs and precipices on the sea-shore. Thick clouds, storm.*)

THE MAN. Whither have I been guided? All is changed ;
I breathe no more the perfumed breath of morning ;
The sky is dark ; I stand on this bare rock,
The abyss below me, wild winds raging round me.

VOICE OF MAIDEN. Hither, my love !

THE MAN. Her voice comes from the distance .
I cannot pass this yawning gulf.

A VOICE (*near*). Thy wings, —
Where are thy wings?

THE MAN. Thou mocking fiend, I scorn thee !

ANOTHER VOICE. Here, then, thy soul, thy great immortal
That, in one unchecked flight, should soar to heaven, [spirit,
On this bare pinnacle has found her goal.

Here the poor trembler prays thee stay thy steps.

O thou great heart ! Thou mighty, deathless soul !

THE MAN. Show but thyself ; put on a visible form,
That so I may confront and master thee !

May I lose her for ever, if I fear thee !

MAIDEN'S VOICE (*from the other side of precipice*).
Love, grasp my hand and fly.

THE MAN. What change is this ?
The withered flowers are falling from thy brows,
And, as they touch the ground, creep off like lizards,
Or glide away like snakes.

MAIDEN'S VOICE. Beloved one, hither !

THE MAN. The wind has torn thy garments from thy shoulders,
And rent them into fragments.

MAIDEN.

O, delay not !

THE MAN. The rain drips from thy hair. The sharp white
Wear through thy sides. [bones]

MAIDEN.

Hast thou not promised, — sworn ?

THE MAN. The lightning has burned out her eyeballs.

EVIL SPIRITS.

Old one,

Now back to hell ! Thou hast befooled him rarely, —

This mighty soul, this great, this lofty spirit,

That was erewhile his own and the world's wonder !

Come, thou great soul, now follow thy beloved !

THE MAN. My God ! And hast thou, then, for this con-
That heavenly beauty hath been in my eyes [demned me,

Fairer than earthly, — that I still have loved it,

Sought for it ever, suffered in its cause ?

For this am I the sport of evil demons ? [tory !

EVIL SPIRITS. Hear, brothers, hear ! We triumph. Vic-

THE MAN. My latest hour has struck ; the storm careers
In raging whirlpools ; dashing up the cliffs,
The fierce waves seek me ; while a power unseen
Urges me onward, — onward.

EVIL SPIRITS.

Brothers, joy !

THE MAN. In vain the struggle ; — now the giddy impulse
Has seized me ; my soul reels ; my God, my God !

Thine enemy prevails !

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Waves, peace, be still !

Go to thy home again. On thy son's head

Even now they pour the consecrated water.

Go to thy home again and sin no more.

Go to thy home again and love thy child.

His home holds now no other thing to love. He reaches
his house ; he enters the room where we have seen him
seated with his wife. The piano is still there, but silent ;
the little cradle no longer stands in the corner ; the tender
mother no longer lulls her child. As "The Man" enters,
a servant comes in at the opposite door ; the count demands
of him news of the countess. The servant is confused and
agitated ; he answers the count's questions unwillingly.

SERVANT. My lord, my lady is not in her room.

THE MAN. And where then ?

SERVANT.

They have carried her, my lord —

THE MAN. Where ?

SERVANT.

To the mad-house. [*Runs out of the room.*]

THE MAN.

Mary, Mary, hear me !

Dost thou not feign ? Art thou not hiding somewhere
 To punish me ? O Mary, answer me ! —
 John ! Catharine ! — The house is dumb, deserted. —
 Did I not promise thee eternal faith,
 Eternal happiness ? And now, through me,
 Thou must endure the tortures of the damned !
 O, I have blasted all that I have touched,
 And yet am doomed to be my own last victim !
 Was it for this I was redeemed from hell,
 To be its living emblem upon earth ?
 O Mary, on what pillow lies thy head ?
 What dreadful sounds are round thee in the night, —
 Wailing, wild laughter, and disjointed songs !
 O, I can see her there ! that tranquil brow,
 From which her open, kindly soul looked forth,
 Down bent to earth ; her gentle, quiet thoughts,
 All unrestrained and wild, now roam through space —
 Seeking for me ? — and still she weeps and wanders.
[Throws open the door.]
 Saddle my Tatar ! bring my cloak and pistols !

He hurries to the hospital whither his wife has been conveyed, introduces himself as the friend of her husband, and demands permission to see her. Within the walls of this asylum, we are once more met by tokens, terrible tokens, of the agitations of the times. Voices issue from the cells which surround that of the countess.

VOICE (*from below the floor*).

Off on the scaffold, heads of kings and nobles !

VOICE (*from the right*).

Kneel to the king, your lord !

VOICE (*from the left*).

The comet blazes !

The day of the last judgment is at hand !

VOICE (*from above the ceiling*).

You have bound God in chains. The one God died

Upon the cross ; I am the other God, —

Like him, delivered up to the tormentors.

The interview between the dying wife and the repentant husband is infinitely touching. The exaltation of madness gives her a sense of inspiration ; she believes she is at length raised to a level with her husband, and is able to share his high thoughts and poetic visions.

THE WOMAN. Have patience but a little while, my husband ;
I shall be worthy of thee yet.

THE MAN. What sayest thou ?

THE WOMAN. I watched and prayed three nights, and God

THE MAN. I do not understand thee. [has heard me.

THE WOMAN. When I lost thee,

There was a change in me ; " Lord God ! " I cried, —

And beat my breast, and placed upon my bosom

A consecrated taper, doing penance, —

" Breathe into me the breath of poetry ! "

And on the third day I rose up a poet.

THE MAN. Mary !

THE WOMAN. O, thou wilt not despise me now,

My husband ? I am full of inspiration !

Thou wilt not now go from me in the evenings ?

THE MAN. Never, O, never !

THE WOMAN. Do but look at me !

Am I not grown like thee ? O, I know all things !

Now I can understand, invent, compose.

Seas, — stars, — storms, — battles. Yes ; storms, stars, and seas.

Ah ! there is one thing that escapes me yet.

It is a battle ; take me to a battle ;

Let me behold, and then I can describe it.

Corpses, — shrouds, — spectres, — billows, — dewdrops, — coffins.

THE MAN. O God ! O God !

THE WOMAN. How blest I am, my Henry !

VOICE (*from below*).

Three kings have I laid dead with my own hand ;

There are yet ten ; and yet a hundred priests

All singing masses.

VOICE (*from the left*).

Woe ! The stars are meeting !

The sun has lost the third part of his light !

The day is come !

THE MAN. To me the day of judgment

Is come indeed !

THE WOMAN. Look happier, my Henry ;

Or thou wilt force me to be sad again.

Stay, I have one thing more to say to thee.

THE MAN. What is it, love ?

THE WOMAN. Thy son will be a poet.

THE MAN. What ?

THE WOMAN. At the christening, the priest gave him Poet
For his first name, then, Jerzy Stanislaw.

'T was I arranged it all. And then I blessed him,

And then I cursed him. He will be a poet.
My Henry, O my Henry, how I love thee !

THE MAN. O my sweet Mary, wilt thou not be calm,
As thou wert wont to be ?

THE WOMAN. Ah ! poets live not long.

THE MAN. Help ! quickly, help !

DOCTOR'S WIFE (*with women rushes in*).

Run to the medicine-room !

Some pills ! some powders ! — no, some liquid medicine !

The gentleman has been the cause himself.

I know my husband will be angry with me.

THE WOMAN. Farewell, my Henry !

DOCTOR'S WIFE. 'T is the count in person !

THE WOMAN. O, I am happy ! I shall die near thee !

DOCTOR'S WIFE. I think the blood is rushing to her brain.

But see how red she looks !

THE MAN.

Nay, it is nothing.

It will be over soon.

DOCTOR (*enters, and, going up to the sofa, finds her dead*).

It is *all over* !

The second part of the Nieboska Komedya is principally devoted to the little Orcio, the child of the poet. The prologue gives us his portrait.

Wherefore not riding on a stick, thou child,
Playing with tops and balls, and killing flies,
Impaling butterflies, and stealing sweetmeats,
Or watering with thy tears the alphabet,
From A to Z ? And why, thou king of flies
And butterflies, thou friend of Punchinello,
Thou infant devil, why so like the angels ?
What mean those dark blue eyes, downcast, but fiery,
And full of memories, though so few springs
Have flitted o'er thy head ? Why lean thy brow
Upon thy white hands, and appear to dream,
Downbent with thought, like a flower bowed with dew ?
And when thou throwest back thy curls, and, blushing,
Like a bright rose, liftest thy look to heaven,
What dost thou see ? what hear ? with whom discourse ?
For on thy brow are lines, like shadowy threads,
Floating to thee from some invisible clew ;
For in thine eye are rays, none know from whence.
And thy nurse weeps, and thinks thou dost not love her.

Thy friends and cousins think thou dost not know them.
 Only thy father still sits there in silence,
 And looks on thee and presses back his tears.

Meanwhile, thou growest ; and thou growest lovely ;
 Not lovely with a milk-and-strawberry freshness,
 But with the beauty of the strange, deep thoughts
 That flow to thee from the invisible world.

For though thine eye is often dim and sunken,
 Although thy cheeks are pale, and thy chest hollow,
 Yet all who see thee turn to look again,
 And cry, " O, what a lovely child it is ! "
 If every drooping floweret had a soul,
 And heavenly inspiration breathed from it,
 If on each trembling leaf that bends to earth
 Rested an angel thought instead of dew,
 This flower would then be like thee, O my child !
 Perhaps there were such before Adam's fall.

When the second part of the piece opens, ten years have already elapsed since the death of the gentle Mary. We find the poet standing with his little son beside her grave. He desires the boy to repeat the prayers he has been taught to say for the soul of his mother ; but the child, slighting the common form, pours forth effusions whose wild and fanciful beauty sends anguish to the heart of the father, who, already tortured with apprehensions, not merely for the health, but for the reason, of his son, sees only sad omens in his precocious intellect and exalted imagination. He tenderly chides the boy, and once more urges him to repeat the form of prayer he has been taught.

ORCIO. When these words fill my head and pain it so,
 O dear papa, I cannot help but speak them.

THE MAN. Such words cannot go up to heaven, my child.
 Thou didst not know thy mother, — canst not love her ?

The boy relates that he has often seen his mother ; that she appeared to him only the night before, in his waking sleep, and promised him that she would feed his soul with all that is most lovely or noble in creation, that all which men on earth or angels in heaven know of beautiful may be his, and win him the love of his father.

THE MAN. O Mary, wilt thou, then, destroy thy child ?
And wilt thou load me with a double murder ? —

What am I saying ? Is she not in heaven,
Gentle and calm as in her life on earth ?

These are but dreams that haunt the poor child's fancy.

ORCIO. I hear her now, although I cannot see her.

THE MAN. Where ? from what side ?

ORCIO. As if from those two larches,
On which the last rays of the sun are falling.

“ The love of thy mother
Encircles thee now ;
On thy lips it pours music,
With light wreathes thy brow.
The fairest, the brightest,
Around thee, above,
Shall be thine, and shall win thee
Thy father's love.”

THE MAN. Do the last thoughts that haunt the parting soul
Dwell with it still, though it abide in heaven ?
Or can a blest be yet a wandering spirit ?

ORCIO. Her voice grows fainter ; now it dies away,
Behind that wall ; now there ; it still repeats,

“ The brightest, the fairest,
Around thee, above thee,
Pass into thy being !
Thy father will love thee.”

In the next scene, we find again indications of the tendency of the ideas of the time. It gives us a chance conversation upon a public promenade, between “ The Man ” and a philosopher, who prognosticates great changes in the social and political world, and believes the regeneration of the human race to be approaching. “ The Man ” is already grown skeptical of all change for the better.

THE MAN. Do you see, yonder, that worm-eaten tree ?

PHILOSOPHER. With fresh young leaves upon the lower branch-

THE MAN. Well, how long, think you, has it yet to live ? [es ?

PHILOSOPHER. How can I tell ? A year, — perhaps two years.

THE MAN. Yet here it can put forth these fresh green leaves,
And all the while is rotting at the root !

PHILOSOPHER. And what then ?

THE MAN. Nothing ; only it must fall,
And soon be nothing more than coal and ashes.
For it is worthless to the carpenters.

PHILOSOPHER. What then? We were not talking of this tree.

THE MAN. It is thy type, and that of those like thee;
And of this age, and of thy theories.

The Man once more retires into solitude. When we next meet him, it is among the scenes of nature; and here his guardian spirit again appears, offering him the only remedy for mental suffering in a life of active usefulness, and declaring to him the true uses of power, — to bless and to protect.

(A ravine between hills.)

THE MAN. How many years have I been seeking after
The end of knowledge, — pleasure, — thought; and find —
In my own heart an empty sepulchre!
Every emotion I can call by name;
Yet no opinion, no belief, no love,
Is found in me. Only two dark forebodings
Still wander through this waste; — of my son's blindness;
Of the disruption of society.
And I must suffer, even as God is blest,
Within myself, and for myself alone.

GUARDIAN ANGEL. Love thy poor neighbours, love the sick,
And the despairing; thou mayst yet be saved. [the hungry,

But the evil spirits who have been appointed to tempt him with visions of power and glory also meet him here; and the counsels of ambition find a readier echo in the breast of the noble, than the promptings of his better genius.

THE MAN. What a huge eagle! on he comes, all black;
The whistling of his wings is like the whistling
Of bullets in the battle.

EAGLE. With the sword
Of thy forefathers, strike for glory, power!

THE MAN. Above my head he spreads his wings; his gaze
Charms, like the eye of the coiled rattlesnake.
I understand thee!

EAGLE. Yield not; and thy foes,
Thy miserable foes, shall bite the dust.

THE MAN. Farewell among thy rocks! Now come what will,
Or truth or error, victory or ruin,
I will believe thee, messenger of glory!
Come to my aid, thou Past! or, if thy spirit
Have gone to God, be thou sent forth anew.
Enter, and be in me, thought, power, and deed.

The signs and portents, which have, from time to time, given token of the coming day of terror, are now to find their fulfilment. The unjust and unnatural bonds which have held society together, and which those to whom the power had been given refused to loosen, are now suddenly and violently ruptured. The oppressed and brutified people, whose life so long, both in their own eyes and in those of their masters, had no other end than that of supplying the means of life to others, suddenly awake to the consciousness, that on their side is the strength of muscle and sinew, — that it needs but the will and the courage to place themselves in the seats of their oppressors. The uncertain, undirected fury of a mob might have been suppressed, as often before, by the hand of organized power. But the day of judgment is now at length arrived. At the fitting hour, the fitting man appears. The people find a leader whose intellect, informing their brute force, renders it available. He is a man gifted with none of those qualities which inspire enthusiasm in a cultivated and impressible people, but endowed with a cool, ready judgment, a self-collectedness, a passionless courage, in which the imbecility of minds unaccustomed to decision, the timidity proper to ignorance, find strength and confidence. Thus led, the army of the insurgent people is everywhere triumphant; and everywhere desolation follows their path. The castles and palaces of their enemies fall before them; the sanctuaries of learning and religion, the cloister, the cathedral, share the ruin; all that is ancient or venerable is, in the minds of the new people, associated with the grandeur of the oppressor and the misery of his serf. It is now that the poet, the son of the noble, feels that the Past calls on him as its champion; he knows that with him alone, if on earth, dwells the power to arrest this ruin which threatens to sweep away even the memory of the former things. He will return to the world to enter on the strife with its subverters; he will stoop to match himself with this man of to-day, that he may

“send back to night

This new, this monstrous world.”

But before he enters into the world of strife and tumult, we find “The Man” again with his son. His apprehensions have been verified; the physician called to pronounce

on the child's case declares that there is no hope ; his blindness is hopelessly confirmed. The agonized father follows the apathetic physician, who, having delivered his judgment, prepares to depart.

THE MAN. All you could ask, even to half my fortune.

PHYSICIAN. There is no skill that can reorganize
What is disorganized. [Takes his hat and stick.

Your servant, Count.

I have another call to make this morning,
A cataract to remove.

THE MAN. Stay but a moment, —
Only a moment ; do not leave us yet.

PHYSICIAN. You wish to know the name of this disease ?

THE MAN. There is no hope ? —

PHYSICIAN. We call it Amaurosis. [Goes out.

THE MAN (*pressing his son to his breast*).
Thou seest a little still ?

ORCIO. I hear thee, father.

THE MAN. Turn to the window ; look towards the sun.

ORCIO. Forms pass between my eyelids and my eyes ;
I see familiar objects, well-known faces, —
I see the leaves of books that I have read.

THE MAN. And thou canst see these still ?

ORCIO. With my soul's eyes ;
These outward eyes, my father, see no more.

THE MAN. Where shall I kneel ? Of whom demand account
Of my child's wrong ? — No ; let me bear in silence.
The devil mocks at curses, God at prayer.

The child's malady assumes a new form ; the physician is again summoned.

THE MAN. Your pardon, Sir,
That I have sent for you at this late hour.
But for some nights my son has waked at twelve,
Has risen and talked as in a dream ; I pray you
To come with me.

PHYSICIAN. We follow you, my Lord.
I would examine this phenomenon.

(*Sleeping-room. Nurse, Kinsmen, Godfather, Physician,
The Man.*)

KINSMAN. Gently.

ANOTHER. He is awake, but does not hear us

PHYSICIAN. I pray you not to speak.

GODFATHER. A most strange thing !

ORCIO, *rising*. O God ! O God !

KINSMAN. How slowly he moves forward !

ANOTHER. He holds his hands folded upon his breast.

THIRD. He does not move an eyelid. See, his lips
Are hardly parted, yet the voice comes from them
Distinct and clear.

SERVANTS. Jesus of Nazareth !

ORCIO. Darkness, away ! I am the child of light, —
Of light and song. What wilt thou, then, with me ?
I am not thine. What though my sight have left me,
To wander with the winds, to roam through space ?
Some future day, rich with the rays of stars,
It will return and light my eyes with flame.

GODFATHER. Like his late mother ; talks he knows not what.
A most astounding sight !

PHYSICIAN. It is indeed.

NURSE. Thou blessed Virgin ! thou of Częstochova !
O, take my eyes and give him !

ORCIO. O my mother !
With thoughts and visions fill my inward life !
Let me create another world within me,
Fair as the outward world that I have lost.

MINGLED VOICES. Good night.

ORCIO, *waking*. Good night ? O, say a long, an endless night !
But, O, not good, not happy !

THE MAN. Lean on me,
And let me lead thee to thy bed, my child.

ORCIO. I am not well. Voices disturbed my rest.

[*Falls asleep.*]

THE MAN. My blessing rest on thee ! I have no more, —
Nor happiness, nor fame, nor light, to give thee.
The hour has come that calls me forth to action, —
To struggle with the few against the many.
Where'er thou goest, thou must walk alone, —
Alone, blind, helpless, 'mid a thousand dangers.
Poet and child ! Poor minstrel without hearers !
Thy spirit ever soaring, but thy body
Fettered to earth ! Thou most unblest of angels !

The prologue to the third part of the *Nieboska Komedya*
brings before us the insurgent mob and their appointed leader.

See you the crowd before the city gates,
Between the heights and the long rows of poplars ?

There tents are pitched ; there, on long wooden planks,
Raised upon blocks, are spread forth meat and drink.
The cup flies round, and from the lips it touches,
Burst threats and imprecations. On it goes,
Amid the thousands ; now returns again ;
Again careers ; still full, still foaming, flashing.
Hail to the cup, the maddener, the consoler !

See you not how impatiently they wait,
Murmur among themselves, prepare for clamor ?
Poor wretches all, with sweat upon their brows ;
All with rough hair, torn garments, sunburnt faces,
And hands made hard by labor. These bear hammers,
Those brandish scythes ; that tall man swings an axe ;
One waves above his head an iron ramrod.
There, in the corner, underneath the willows,
A little boy is seated, eating cherries,
An awl grasped tightly in the small right hand.
Women, their wives and mothers, too, are there,
Wretched and hungry like themselves ; wan, withered
Before their time ; without a trace of beauty ;
The dust of the highway upon their hair ;
In their sunk eyes a dim, expiring gleam,
A dismal mockery of the sense of sight.
They suddenly revive ; the cup goes round.
Hail to the cup that stupefies, consoles !

And now a murmur rises from the crowd ; —
Is it the tone of joy or of despair ? —
Who, in the voice of thousands, can distinguish
The varying feelings ? — He who, just arrived,
Mounts on the table, springs upon a chair,
And now addresses and controls the mob.
His voice is penetrating, clear, distinct ;
You hear each word, you understand each word ;
His easy, quiet, and harmonious gestures
Accompany his words as music song.
His forehead broad and lofty ; from the temples,
The face wreathed by a thick black beard ; the hair
Is from the upper part of the head worn off,
As by the wearing of incessant thought.
No blood, no changeful color on that cheek ; —
On brow and cheeks, the yellow, wrinkled skin
Is channelled in among the bones and muscles.
His eye, unwavering, fixed upon his hearers ;

No doubt, no hesitation in that look. —
And now he stretches forth his arms above them ;
They bow their heads to him, as they would kneel
Before the blessing of a mighty mind,
Not of a heart. — Die, heart ! die, prejudice !
And let the words of hope and murder live !

This is their leader, — their informing spirit ;
Their loved, — adored, — he that will give them bread.
A shout breaks forth, — spreads, — bursts from every side,
“ Long live Pancratius ! — Bread ! Pancratius ! Bread ! ”

A man — a friend, a comrade, or a brother —
Leans on the table at the speaker's feet.
Dark Eastern eyes, shaded by long black lashes ;
Bow legs ; arms dangling ; a weak, crooked body ;
A half-voluptuous, half-malicious mouth ;
Upon his fingers, golden rings. — He too,
With his hoarse voice, cries out, “ Long live Pancratius ! ”
The speaker rests his glance on him a moment : —
“ A handkerchief, citizen convert Jew.”

A remarkable feature in this poem is the part which is assigned to the Jews in the war of the lower classes against the higher. They are made to side openly with the common people, in order to accomplish the destruction of the nobles ; but are, at the same time, secretly plotting a new revolution of their own, by which the Christian races are to be subjected to the Hebrew, and the Jewish creed is everywhere to supplant the religion of Christ.

Our author has been accused of injustice towards the Jews in the picture which he has here drawn of the pretended converts ; and if these treacherous and cruel bigots were designed as representatives of the whole Jewish people, the charge would not be without foundation. It must be remembered, however, that, though there are among the Jews liberal and wise men, sincerely desirous to maintain a friendly intercourse with their Christian neighbours, and to advance the enlightenment of their own people, there are also sects who cherish a deep and bitter hatred against the Christians ; and in a time of universal anarchy, like that described by our author, enthusiasts and fanatics of every sort would find themselves in their proper element, and would seize upon this troubled period as the fitting season

for spreading their ideas and carrying out their schemes. The picture drawn by our author is therefore not to be regarded as a portrait of the Jews ; it but describes a feature of the times. It would be hardly possible for a Pole to omit the Hebrews in a sketch of a social revolution. This peculiar people forms too important a feature in the social constitution of his own country to be easily overlooked.

In point of numbers, they form nearly a tenth part of the whole population.* In former ages, when persecution assailed the Jews in the other Christian countries of Europe, they found a safe asylum in Poland. They were used to call it their terrestrial paradise. They remained, however, a distinct race in the country of their adoption. They refused to render military service, and were therefore not admitted to share the rights of citizens. They never intermarried with the Christians, and continued to be distinguished from them, not only by their national physiognomy, but by their dress, their beards, and the fashion of their hair, which they wore in long tresses hanging in front of the ears. The difference of language has likewise tended to keep them apart from their Christian neighbours ; they have learned, in general, only so much Polish as was necessary to conduct the transactions of business ; and speak among themselves a corrupt dialect of the German. The Polish Jews are, for the most part, well educated to a certain point. They can all read, write, and keep accounts ; but there are among them but few men of real enlightenment. Their learned men have been chiefly students of rabbinical lore, and regard with distrust and displeasure any attempt to introduce a greater enlargement of ideas or liberality of sentiment among their people.

Since the fall of Poland, the different governments to which they have become subject have endeavoured to reform the Jews by force, and to overcome their prejudices by arbitrary enactments. They are no longer exempted from military service. In Galicia, the most oppressive and cruel measures have been employed in order to force them to compliance. In the Polish provinces which have been incorporated with Russia, an equal or even a greater degree of rigor has been resorted to. Not only have they been

* See Lelewel.

obliged to furnish their quota of recruits for the army, but orders have been given by the Emperor Nicholas, that young children shall be taken by force from their parents, in order that they may be trained up to the naval service. The attacks made on their prejudices and their rights by these oppressive governments may, perhaps, in the end, be productive of advantage both to the Jews themselves and to Poland. The abolition of the distinctions of dress and peculiar customs throws down a wall of separation between them and the rest of the people; and the necessity of bearing their full share in the miseries of subjection to a despotic government may wake in them a warmer sympathy for the people with whom they have suffered in common. It is possible that the duplicity and selfishness with which many of the Jews acted in the revolution of 1830 suggested to our author the treacherous part which he assigns to them in the *Nieboska Komedya*. It must not be suppressed, however, that the illiberality and injustice of the Christians themselves were as much the occasion of the want of patriotism among the Jews as their own prejudices and bigotry. At the commencement of the revolution, the more liberal among the Jews demanded, in the name of their nation, the rights of citizenship, offering, at the same time, to take their full share in the projected movement; but the successive revolutionary governments, fearing that public opinion would not support them in such a measure, dared not risk their popularity by attempting it. They granted the Jews some amelioration of their condition, by repealing several oppressive enactments of the Russian government; but refused to confer on them the full rights of citizenship. Some of the more enlightened of the Jews offered themselves, notwithstanding, to the cause of the country that had protected their fathers; but the greater part remained indifferent or disaffected. Some among them were detected acting as spies for the Russian government; many others were suspected, with or without reason; and the rage of the Polish people led to acts of violent retaliation. Thus the antipathy of the races was strengthened and confirmed; and however the Christians, regarding the Hebrews rather with contempt than hatred, may easily forget or think lightly of the various causes of provocation, yet into the resentful and long-remembering temper of the Jew the sense of injury must have sunk deeply and enduringly.

The first scene of the third part presents us with a party of Jewish fanatics, assembled in a shed. One of their number stands before a table on which a book lies open.

CONVERTED JEW. My wretched brothers! vengeance-seeking
 Brothers beloved! come, let us suck the Talmud [brothers!
 As a breast full of milk, — a living breast, —
 Whence we may draw honey and strength for us,
 And for our foes poison and bitterness. [we worship;

CHORUS OF CONVERTS. Our Lord is Jehovah; none else will
 By him hath our race been dispersed through the earth,
 That thus we might coil round the world of the Christians,
 And hold them as wrapped in a huge serpent's folds.
 Death, death to them all, our proud, ignorant masters!
 Destruction to all who bow down to the cross!
 Now, brothers, three times let us spit, to their ruin!
 Three times let the curse be invoked on their souls!

CONVERTED JEW. Brothers, rejoice! our enemy, the cross,
 Hacked, mouldering, stands above a pool of blood.
 The nobles hitherto were its defence;
 Now shall it fall, not to be raised again.

CHORUS OF CONVERTS. Let our work be accomplished, the
 Our slow, painful labor, the fall of the lords. [labor of ages,
 Three times let us spit; to their bodies destruction!
 Three times let us spit; endless death to their souls!

CONVERTED JEW. Upon their lawless freedom, boundless
 Upon their endless malice, pride, and folly, [slaughter,
 We will erect the power of Israel.
 Yet but a few proud lords to overthrow, —
 Yet but a few, whose scattered bones shall lie
 Among the fragments of the fallen cross.

CHORUS OF CONVERTS. The cross is our emblem, — our holy,
 The baptismal water has bound us to Christ! [loved emblem!
 In the faith of the injured the tyrant has trusted;
 The scorner believes in the love of the scorned!
 Our object man's freedom, the good of the people!
 In the children of Caiaphas Christians confide!
 As long ages ago Christ was slain by our fathers,
 We will slay him again; not again shall he rise.

CONVERTED JEW. Yet a few days, a few more drops of venom,
 The world is ours; brothers, the world is ours!

A knock at the door disturbs their conference. The
 Talmud is hastily concealed; the Jews betake themselves to
 their anvils, and begin to work at the forging of weapons.
 Leonard enters, and summons him who has been the chief

spokesman among them to the tent of Pancratius, who is about to intrust him with a secret commission. The Jew departs with Leonard ; the others continue working and singing.

CHORUS OF JEW CONVERTS.

Go forth, cords and daggers, go forth, clubs and sabres, —
The work of our hands, — carry death to our foes !
For us are the nobles struck down in the battle,
For us are they hung in their gardens and woods !
They are struck ; they are slain ; and we fall on the slayers,
And now, in our turn, will we murder and hang.
Behold how the trampled arise in their anger !
In the might of Jehovah the scorned are arrayed ;
With us is his love, and for us is redemption,
For our enemies ruin and death are decreed.
Brothers, thrice let us spit, to the fall of the people !
Brothers, thrice be destruction invoked on their heads !

The scene changes from the szalas of the Jews to the tent where the citizen-general is seated alone. He is in one of those moods which fall at times upon the strongest and the coldest, and force them to feel, for a season, that their bosoms share the common feelings and the common needs of human hearts. He has just left the adoring crowd who follow him with ignorant devotion ; the sound of their acclamations still rings in his ears. He turns loathingly from the senseless plaudits ; and now, alone with his far-reaching views, his mighty projects, — unshared, uncomprehended, by those who are to be the instruments of their completion, — he feels the dreariness of his intellectual solitude. His thoughts turn to his mortal foe, to the only man in whom he recognizes his equal. The republican leader is drawn towards the last champion of aristocracy by that sympathy which binds the spirits of great men by a mysterious tie, and forces them to reverence each other, even while they hate.

The man of the people has no fear of his patrician foe ; he feels himself led on by the hand of destiny to certain triumph ; but he who has hitherto known neither hesitation nor compunction, who has trampled, without a thought, the feeble lives that lay between him and his ends, pauses now, before the crisis of the deadly struggle, and feels regret for a victim too noble for his scorn. Pancratius will seek an interview with Count Henry ; he will detach him from the

cause of a decrepit aristocracy, and engage his genius and energy once more on the side of freedom and renovation.

PANCRATIUS. Is the Count Henry known to thee ?

CONVERTED JEW.

By sight,

Great citizen, not otherwise ; but once,
As I was passing by the Corpus Christi,
He bade me stand aside, as I remember,
And turned his lordly look on me ; with that
I vowed him to the halter in my soul.

PANCRATIUS. Go to this man betimes to-morrow morning ;
Tell him I seek an interview with him,
A personal, private interview, the night
Of the next day.

JEW. Give me a strong guard, then ;

It is not safe to go to him alone.

PANCRATIUS. My name is thy protection ; and the gallows —
Whereon thou hung'st the baron yesterday.
Say I will come to him at twelve o'clock,
On the next night but one.

JEW. And if he beat me,

Or throw me into prison ?

PANCRATIUS. Thou wilt be

A martyr for the freedom of the people.

JEW. All will I venture for the people's freedom.

PANCRATIUS. Good night, then, citizen. [*Jew goes out.*]

The Jew performs his commission to Count Henry, and is engaged by him to act as his guide through the encampment of the insurgent mob.

The scene now opens in a wide glade, lying in the midst of an extensive forest. Huts made of branches of trees, and rude tents, are set here and there on the plain. Bonfires gleam on every side, and about them hover groups of men and women. Under the trees and before the huts are knots of revellers, drinking and singing. Barrels and tubs are scattered on the ground. Countless crowds stream through the wood and along the plain, going and returning with eager, excited faces, but apparently without definite object. In the centre of the open space stands a tall gibbet.

Upon this strange theatre "The Man" enters, muffled in a large black cloak, and wearing the red liberty cap. He grasps by the arm the Jew, his unwilling guide, who walks by his side, tortured with the fear of the count's vengeance

if he should betray him, with that of the people if he be discovered acting as his conductor, and cursing in his heart, with an impartial hatred, both the noble and the mob.

THE MAN. Remember !

JEW. I will not betray my lord ;
I will conduct him safely, on my honor.

THE MAN. Point but a finger, only wink thine eye,
I shoot thee through the heart. Thou may'st believe
He will set little value on thy life
Who can thus risk his own.

JEW. You grasp my arm
With iron pincers. What are we to do ?

THE MAN. Speak to me as to one of thy acquaintance, —
A comrade just arrived. What dance is that ?

JEW. That is the dance of freedom's sons and daughters.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for bread, wages, for wood in the winter,
And rest in the summer, hurrah ! hurrah !
With God was no mercy, hurrah ! hurrah !
With the kings was no mercy, hurrah ! hurrah !
With the lords was no mercy, hurrah ! hurrah !
So to God, to the kings, to the lords, for their favors,
We offer our pious thanksgiving ; hurrah !

JEW. Under that large oak sits the Lackey Club.

FIRST LACKEY. I've just been killing my old lord. Your health !

SECOND LACKEY. I'm looking for my lord, the baron. Yours !

VALET. My fellow-citizens, once bound to toil
And degradation, who wore out your lives
Polishing boots, cutting and curling hair,
But now are sensible of your just rights,
I drink your health !

LACKEYS. Health to our president !
He will point out to us the path of honor.

THE MAN. What are those harsh, wild voices that I hear,
Coming from that dark thicket on the left ?

THE JEW. Those are the voices of the band of butchers.

CHORUS OF BUTCHERS.

The axe and the knife are our weapons,
The joy of our life is in blood ;
We will cut, with the same ease and pleasure,
The throat of an ox or a lord.

The children of strength and of slaughter,
 We help all who call on our aid ;
 For the lords we have knocked down the oxen,
 For the people we knock down the lords.

THE MAN. These men I like ; at least, they make no mention
 Either of honor or philosophy.

JEW. The clouds are gathering. It were better for thee
 To go to thy own people, who have waited
 Long for thee in the pass of St. Ignatius.

THE MAN. Thanks to thee, Jew, for thy solicitude.
 I wish to see the citizens by twilight.

VOICE (*from the thicket*).

The peasant's child bids thee good night, old sun !

VOICE (*from the right*).

Here 's to thy health, old enemy ! thy rising
 Once drove us forth to weary, thankless toil.
 To-morrow thou shalt find thy slaves at banquet.

JEW. The crowd of peasants comes this way.

THE MAN. Remain,
 Stand here behind this tree, and hold thy peace.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

On, on to our tents, to the shade of the maples,
 Where our brothers already are gathered.
 On, on to the sweet evening chat in the twilight,
 With the maidens who wait us with welcome.
 On, on, where our old fellow-servants, the oxen,
 Find an endless repose from their labors,
 And they who once furnished the team of the ploughman
 Now furnish the food of his banquet.

VOICE. I draw him on, he struggles and pulls back.
 Come on ! Enlist !

VOICE OF A NOBLE. Mercy, my children, mercy !

ANOTHER VOICE. Return me all those days of soccage labor !

THIRD VOICE. Bring back my son to life, — my son, who died
 Beneath the Cossack's blows !

FOURTH VOICE. My lord, your health !

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*passing on*).

The vampire sucked our blood and sweat ;
 But now we have caught the vampire ;
 We will bind him fast, we will hang him high ;

High, high,

Above all our heads,

As befits a mighty noble.

The time is come for the tired to rest,

For the hungry to taste the banquet ;
 The time is come for the lofty to fall,
 Low, low,
 And be trodden to earth,
 Like the wheat-sheaves in the autumn.
 No more shall their lordly castles frown
 On the humble home of the peasant ;
 Like chaff from the flail, see the cinders fly !
 On, on,
 With our axes and scythes !
 On, on, to the tents of our brothers !

The scene now changes to a different part of the wood, and presents us with yet another phase of the frightful anarchy. In the midst of an extensive opening in the forest, rises a hill on which huge fires are blazing ; about its base throng crowds of people, bearing torches, their faces glaring with a wild and terrible enthusiasm. "The Man," still attended by the Jew, issues from the wood and directs his steps towards the hill.

THE MAN. What hell is that whose brassy flames mount up
 Between those walls of darkness ?

THE JEW. We have wandered
 From the right path. Back, hide thee in the thicket,
 For here the high-priest Leonard celebrates
 The festival of the new faith.

THE MAN. Go on.
 Just what I wished. Fear not ; no one observes us.

As he advances, he finds himself in the midst of the ruins of a noble cathedral that the fury of the mob has levelled with the ground.

THE MAN. Here are the ruins of some mighty pile,
 That must have stood for ages ere it fell
 Before this ruthless rabble ; round me lie
 Shafts, bases, capitals, and broken statues ;
 Here the festoons that wreathed the ancient ceiling ;
 Here gleam the fragments of a shattered window ; —
 It was as if the Virgin Mother looked
 A moment forth, and all again was darkness.
 Here lie the ruins of a whole arcade ;
 Here is an iron grating choked with rubbish.
 The torches cast their light this way ; I see

Half a knight resting upon half a tomb.

Where are we, guide ?

THE JEW. Our people were at work here
For fourteen days and nights ; at last we levelled
The last cathedral with the ground. We stand
Exactly where the cemetery was.

THE MAN. Your songs sound harshly in my ears, new people !
Dark forms, before, behind, beside, press on ;
Flashes and shadows, governed by the wind,
Like living spirits flit above the throng.

PASSER-BY. I bid you welcome in the name of freedom !

ANOTHER. Welcome, by death to the nobility !

A THIRD. The priests are singing yonder ; hasten forward !

THE JEW. We cannot stay ; they press us on all sides.

THE MAN. Who is that young man on the heap of rubbish ?
Below him burn three fires ; his heated face
Glares forth through smoke and flame, and his shrill voice
Shrieks in the tones of madness.

THE JEW. That is Leonard ;
Leonard, our prophet, the inspired of freedom ;
About him stand our priests, philosophers,
Poets, and painters, with their loves and daughters.

THE MAN. Your aristocracy. But him who sent you,
Show him to me.

THE JEW. I do not see him here.

LEONARD. Behold, a new world I announce to you.
To a new deity I give the heavens.
Thou, Lord of freedom ! Thou, the people's God !
Wherever fall the offerings of vengeance,
Wherever lies the body of a tyrant,
There are the altars of thy sacrifice.
The tears and sufferings of the human race
Shall all be washed off in a sea of blood.
Then life be joy, equality be law.
Who would frame other laws to bind the free,
His be the halter and the people's curse !

CHORUS OF MEN. The fabrics of pride and oppression are
And whoso shall raise but one stone from their ruins, [fallen,
For him is the cord, and the curse of mankind.

THE MAN. Eagle, keep thy promise,
And I will raise up a new church to Christ
Upon their necks.

MINGLED VOICES. Freedom ! Equality !
Freedom ! hurrah ! Freedom and happiness !

CHORUS OF PRIESTS. Where are the kings, where are the lords
That lately walked with crowns and golden sceptres, [of earth,
In pride and wrath?

ASSASSIN. I killed King Alexander.

SECOND ASSASSIN. And I King Henry.

THIRD ASSASSIN. King Emanuel I.

LEONARD. Go without fear, murder without reproach,
For ye are chosen from among the chosen,
Holy among the holiest; freedom's heroes;
Of human rights the dedicated martyrs.

CHORUS OF ASSASSINS. In the dead of the night let us steal on
The avenging stiletto pressed tight in our grasp. [our victims,

THE MAN. Who is the man who rushes up to him,
Falls on his knees, stammers, and groans out something?

JEW. That is the son of our philosopher.

LEONARD. Herman, what dost thou ask of me?

HERMAN. High-priest!

Bestow on me the murderer's consecration.

LEONARD. Bring me the oil, the dagger, and the poison.
The oil, wherewith they once anointed kings,
Consecrates thee the murderer of kings.
This dagger, worn of old by knights and nobles,
Shall, in thy hand, bear death to knights and nobles.
Hang round thy neck this locket full of poison;
Where the steel fails, the slow-consuming venom
Shall burn and rankle in the hearts of tyrants.
Go forth through every quarter of the earth,
Annihilate the ancient families.

THE MAN. I will have vengeance for the profanation
Of my forefathers' consecrated dust.

Curses be on the heads of this new people!
Their vortex circling round me hath no power
To bear me with it in its eddying whirl. —
Keep thy word, eagle! — Now go forward, Jew,
And guide me to the pass of St. Ignatius.

As the shouts and songs of the fierce revellers die upon
the ear, the soft lament of the tutelary spirits who watched
over the sacred fanes now laid in ruins sighs through the
branches of the forest.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. We weep for Christ, Christ persecuted,
Where is our God? Where is his holy Church? [banished.

THE MAN. To sword! to sword! I will restore him to you,
And set his foes upon a thousand crosses.

SPIRITS. It has been ours to guard the holy altars,
To watch beside the ancient monuments;
When the bells chimed the hour for prayer, to carry
Upon our wings the silver melodies.

OTHER SPIRITS. In the soft light of the cathedral windows,
In the deep shadow of its solemn walls,
The sparkle of the consecrated goblet,
The hallowing of the body of the Lord, — [our home?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. In these our life; where, where is now

THE MAN. They fade away before the glow of morning.

THE JEW. There is your path; the opening of the defile.

THE MAN (*taking off his liberty-cap and wrapping money in it*).
Take this as a memento and an emblem.

THE JEW. My lord, I have your word; security
For him who shall to-night —

THE MAN. A noble's word
Is not given twice. — Ha! Jesus and my sword!

VOICES (*from the thicket*).

Maria and our swords! Long live our lord!

THE MAN. Farewell, new citizen! Advance, my men!

In the scene which follows, the count awaits in the castle of his fathers the arrival of the man of the new era. The scene of the meeting is a hall hung with portraits of knights and dames. At one end of the room is a pillar on which hangs a shield with armorial bearings; near this sits "The Man," at a table on which are a clock and a pair of pistols. The champion of the past, the man of genius and sentiment, feels that in this cold, imperturbable man of the people, he is about to encounter his evil genius.

THE MAN. At this same hour, amid such pressing dangers,
Such anxious thoughts, did Cæsar's genius
Appear to Brutus. A like meeting waits me.
In a short time, a man without a name,
Without forefathers, without guardian angel,
Shall stand before me; one who shall, perhaps,
Form a new epoch, if I stay him not,
Hurl him not back to his first nothingness.

Breathe into me what made you lords of earth,
My fathers! All the lion of your hearts
Give mine; your weight and energy of brain

Endow my brow ; and let your faith in Christ,
 And in his holy Church, blind, unrelenting,
 The inspiration of your deeds on earth,
 The hope of never-dying fame in heaven,
 Enter in me ! Then will I burn and slay, —
 I, offspring of a hundred noble races,
 Last heir of all their thoughts, deeds, virtues, errors.

[*Clock strikes twelve.*

ARMED SERVANT (*enters*).

Illustrious lord, the man who was to come
 Is here, and waits admission.

THE MAN.

Let him enter.

PANCRATIUS (*enters*).

Count Henry, I salute thee. This word Count
 Sounds somewhat strangely from my lips.

[*Takes off his cloak and liberty-cap, seats himself, and casts his
 eye upon the column on which hangs the coat of arms.*

THE MAN.

I thank thee

That thou didst trust my roof. I drink thy health
 After the former custom.

[*Takes the goblet, drinks, and offers it to Pancratius.*

Guest, to thee.

PANCRATIUS. If I err not, these red and blue devices
 Are, in the language of the dead, called arms ;
 There are but few left now of these insignia,
 With each day fewer.

[*Drinks.*

THE MAN. With the help of God,
 Thou shalt soon look upon a thousand such.

PANCRATIUS. Behold the old nobility ! Thus ever
 Self-confident, self-willed, proud, obstinate ;
 Still flush with hope, without men, arms, or money ;
 Still casting, like the dead man in the fable,
 Their empty threats at every passer-by,
 Though standing at the door of their own tomb.
 They place, or feign to place, their trust in God ;
 Truly, they can scarce place it in themselves.
 But where the thunderbolt that fell for you ?
 Where the armed hosts of angels sent from heaven ?

THE MAN. Now laugh at thy own words. This skepticism
 Is the old formula ; I hoped from thee
 To hear some new thing.

PANCRATIUS. Laugh at thy own words.
 I have a deeper, stronger faith than thine ;
 Faith in the cry of anguish and despair,
 Wrung out from thousands upon thousands ; faith

In the mechanic's hunger, peasant's misery,
 Their wives' and daughters' shame ; in the debasement
 Of human nature, thrall'd by prejudice,
 Irresoluteness, and degraded habit. —

Such is my faith. My God, — the mind, the power,
 By which I give them bread and dignity.

THE MAN. And I have placed my confidence in Him,
 The God who gave dominion to my fathers.

PANCRATIUS. Yet hast been all thy life the Devil's plaything. —
 Well, let us leave this talk to theologians,
 If there be yet a pedant of that trade.
 To business now.

THE MAN. What wouldst thou, then, with me,
 Thou citizen God, redeemer of the people ?

PANCRATIUS. I am come hither, first, that I might know thee ;
 Second, that I might save thee.

THE MAN. For thy first
 Thou hast my thanks ; leave to my sword thy second.

PANCRATIUS. Thy sword, thy God, — chimeras. Thou art
 By the united voice of thousands ; compassed [doomed
 By arms of thousands sworn to thy destruction.
 Yet a few roods of earth remain to you,
 Hardly enough wherein to make you graves.
 Not twenty days can you defend yourselves.
 Where are your cannon ? where your ammunition ?
 Where your provisions ? above all, your manhood ?
 Were I as thou, I know what were my course.

THE MAN. Speak on, I listen ; mark how patiently.

PANCRATIUS. I, then, Count Henry, thus address Pancratius :
 " I will dismiss my band, give up my project
 Of carrying succour to St. Trinity.
 But, in return for this, I keep my name
 And my estates ; for whose security
 I take thy word in pledge." How old art thou,
 Count Henry ?

THE MAN. Thirty-six.

PANCRATIUS. Fifteen years more ;
 For men like thee are not long-lived. Thy son
 Is nearer to his grave than to his youth.
 There can be no great harm in one exception.
 Be thou, then, the last noble in these regions ;
 Rule on till death in thy forefathers' halls ;
 Have their arms sculptured, and their pictures painted ;
 But take no further thought for these lost wretches, —
 Let them abide the judgment of the people.

The last, the noblest, best endowed ; such men
As hitherto earth hath not seen ; her lords
From pole to pole ; free men indeed. The earth
Herself shall be one thriving commonwealth,
One busy workshop, one kind, happy home.

Long, long ago I read thy inmost soul.
If thou would reach into infinity, —
If thou love truth, if thou would seek for her
With thy whole heart, — art thou indeed a man
After the model of humanity,
Not on the pattern of an old wife's fable, —
Hear ; reject not the season of salvation.
The blood that both of us shall shed to-morrow
Will, the next day, have left no trace behind it.
For the last time I speak ; if, then, thou art
The man thou formerly didst show thyself,
Arise, and leave thy home, and follow me.

THE MAN. Thou art a younger brother to the Devil.

[*Rises, and walks up and down.*]

Shall these vain dreams become realities ?
No ; Adam died an exile in the desert ;
We shall not conquer paradise again.

PANCRACTIUS (*aside*).

I've laid my finger on his heart, and touched
The nerve of poetry.

THE MAN. Away, thou dream
Of human progress, human happiness !
Yet once I, too, believed thee. Thou hast conquered !
No, it is past. A hundred years ago,
Two hundred years ago, some friendly compact
Had yet been possible ; but now — in vain.
They can exist only by mutual murder ;
The question now is of a change of races.

PANCRACTIUS. Alas for the defeated ! Waver not.
Repeat " Alas ! " — then triumph with the victors.

THE MAN. Hast thou, then, scanned the ways of Destiny ?
Has she stood by thee, in the silent midnight,
At thy tent's entrance, in a visible form,
And, stretching forth her giant arms above thee,
Pronounced a blessing on her favored child ?
Or hast thou heard her voice in the still noonday,
While the world slept beneath the sultry heat,
And thou didst sit alone to meditate,
That thus thou threat'st me with defeat and death, —

Thou, mortal like myself, — slave, like myself,
Of the first random shot, or lucky sword-thrust ?

PANCRACTIUS. Cheat not thyself with a deceitful hope,
For I am proof against both steel and lead,
As long as one of you resists my work.
What afterward may chance concerns you not.

[*The clock strikes.*

Time laughs at us. If thou art tired of life,
Yet save at least thy son.

THE MAN. His soul is pure,
It is already saved in heaven. On earth
His father's fate be his.

PANCRACTIUS. Thou slave of one idea and its forms,
Thou pedant knight, thou poet, shame on thee !
Wax to my fingers are ideas and forms.

THE MAN. It is in vain ; thou canst not understand me.
Thy fathers lie among the common herd,
Buried like senseless matter, not like men
Of strength and soul. [*Stretches his hand towards the pictures.*
Look round thee on these forms ;

The thought of home, of family, of country,
Is written in the lines upon their brows ;
A thought the enemy of thee and thine.
All that has lived and passed away in them
Now lives anew in me. But tell me, thou,
Where is thy land ? At night thy tent is pitched
Upon the ruins of a stranger's home,
At sunrise rolled up to be set elsewhere.
Thou hast not yet a hearth, thou wilt not find one,
While yet there shall remain a hundred men
To cry with me, " Be glory to our fathers ! "

Thy evil words but break against their glory,
As pagan lances broke against their mail.
Thy slanders fail like to a mad dog's howlings,
That runs and foams until he finds his death
By some road-side. Now it is time indeed
For thee to quit my roof. Depart in freedom,
My guest.

PANCRACTIUS. Farewell to thee till our next meeting
Upon the ramparts of St. Trinity.
And then, when shot and powder fail you —

THE MAN. Then
We meet at our swords' length. Farewell !

PANCRA TIUS.

Two eagles !

But on thy nest the thunderbolt has burst.
Crossing this threshold, I bestow the curse
Due to antiquity ; and I devote
Thee and thy race to utter extirpation.

The scene of the fourth and last part of the drama is laid in the castle of St. Trinity, in which the remnant of the nobility has taken refuge.

Count Henry, with his band of retainers, has cut his way through the camp of the insurgents, and has thrown himself into the beleaguered fortress. He now prepares to undertake the conduct of the defence. His brother nobles, however, far from confiding in his genius and courage, as in their last hope of rescue, feel only jealousy of his superiority, and already reproach him, in their hearts, with presumption in assuming authority over them. In the picture which our author gives of the envy and detraction of the besieged nobles, he aims a reproof at that spirit of jealousy and dissension which has been the reproach of the Polish aristocracy, and the misfortune of their country.

This failing of the Poles has been the subject of the satire of their poets, and the censure of their graver writers, from very early times. The ancient historian Długosz thus comments upon this foible of his countrymen.

“ Whether it have come down to us as an inheritance from our ancestors, or whether some unexplained property in the earth or in the air, the severity of the climate, or the unpropitious influence of the stars, thus works upon their minds, most certain is it that the Poles, above all others, are inclinable to jealousy and evil-speaking of one another.”

In a more solemn strain Skarga, the bold and fiery preacher, rebukes the jealousies and dissensions of his countrymen, and in prophetic denunciations, which have been but too mournfully realized, foreshows the destruction which awaits the house divided against itself.

“ Not so soon, and not so hopelessly, shall you fall through war and invasion, as by your own disunion. Even for this disunion watch they who are devising evil against you. The neighbouring nations, your enemies, shall cry out,—‘ Euge, euge, now hath their foot slipped ; now are they no more on their guard against us. Let us make haste to devour them.’ And

these your dissensions will lead you into bondage wherein your liberties shall perish utterly. And it shall be with you as the prophet saith: *As with the servant, so with his lord; as with the people, so with the priest; as with the rich, so with the poor*; for ye shall all groan under the hand of your enemy, and shall be subject unto them that hate you.

“Not only shall ye be without a ruler of your blood and your choice, but without fatherland and kingdom; banished wanderers; everywhere poor, rejected. Where will ye find for you another land, wherein ye shall have such wealth of treasures, of prosperity, of glory? Shall another country rise up to you and to your sons? Hope it not. Lose ye her, look not any more to find a mother.”

The first scene of the fourth part of the Nieboska Komedya introduces us into the chapel of the castle, where the nobles and clergy are assembled in solemn conclave. The magnates, senators, and high dignitaries sit on either side, each under the effigy of some king or hero; behind them stands a crowd of the lesser nobility; the archbishop sits near the great altar, a sword across his knees. At the threshold stands “The Man,” bearing in his hand a standard; after a moment’s pause, he approaches the archbishop, and lays the standard at his feet. As he advances, we hear the whispered comments of the nobles.

FIRST COUNT. See but how loftily he looks about him.

SECOND COUNT. He thinks that he has overthrown a world.

THIRD COUNT. Yet has he only made his way by night
Through the encampment of those wretched peasants.

FIRST COUNT. He killed a hundred men and lost two hundred.

SECOND COUNT. Let us not suffer them to make him chief.

THE MAN (*kneels before the Archbishop*).

I lay my trophies at thy feet.

ARCHBISHOP.

Gird on

This sword, once hallowed by St. Florian’s hand.

VOICES. Long live Count Henry!

ARCHBISHOP.

With consent of all,

We name thee chief of our remaining forces;

And with the order of the Holy Cross

Invest thee as commander in this castle,

Our last possession.

A VOICE.

I do not consent.

OTHER VOICES. Forth with the traitor! Forth! — Long live
Count Henry!

THE MAN. If any person here have aught against me,

Let him come forth ; not lurk among the crowd.

[*An interval of silence.*]

Father, I take this sword ; may God appoint me

Or, with its aid, to win for you deliverance,

Or for myself a speedy, timeless grave !

CHORUS OF PRIESTS. Lord, grant him strength ! Grant him thy
Grant us deliverance from our foes, O Lord ! [Holy Spirit !]

THE MAN. All ye who would defend your fathers' faith,

Your fathers' honor, take this solemn oath :

"Hunger and thirst may bring us unto death, —

Not unto shame, not unto base submission,

Not to the yielding up the dues of God,

Or our own rights." Swear, all !

VOICES.

We swear ! We swear !

[*The Archbishop kneels and raises the cross. All kneel.*]

CHORUS OF PRIESTS. Lord, to thy wrath do we devote the

Lord, to thy wrath do we devote the coward ! [perjured !]

Lord, to thy wrath do we devote the traitor !

VOICES. We swear ! We swear !

THE MAN. Now will I give you glory ;

Supplicate God to give you victory.

The energy and genius of Count Henry have, for a time, constrained the turbulent nobles to his will ; his courage and fervor have waked in them a temporary enthusiasm. But the transient glow soon passes from their spirits, and leaves them feeble and pusillanimous as before. Already some of them are eager to save their lives on any terms, and talk of supplicating the mercy of Pancratius.

COUNT (*drawing "The Man" aside*).

How, then, Count Henry, is all lost ?

THE MAN.

Not all ;

If your hearts fail you not before the hour.

COUNT. Before what hour ?

THE MAN.

Before the hour of death.

BARON (*draws him to the other side*).

Count, you know something of this dreadful man.

Is it not possible he might have mercy, —

Some little mercy, — if we should surrender ?

THE MAN. Such mercy as your fathers never heard of ; —

The gibbet.

BARON.

Well, we must defend ourselves

In the best way we can.

THE MAN.

What would the prince ?

PRINCE. A word with you apart, Count Henry. This
Is well enough before the common people;
But now, between ourselves, 't is evident
We can hold out no longer.

THE MAN. Well, what then?

PRINCE. You are our general; it belongs to you
To arrange the terms.

THE MAN. Hold!

PRINCE. Wherefore so?

THE MAN. Your Highness
Has spoken words that merit death already.

[Turns to the crowd.
To him who even talks of yielding, — death!

BARONS, PRINCES, COUNTS.

Death to the man who talks of yielding!

ALL.

Death!

Once more, before the crisis of his fate, Count Henry
seeks the chamber of his son. We pass again from the
region of reality, and are led by the blind boy into the in-
visible world; to listen to the doom pronounced upon the
last representative of the ancient nobility of Europe.

THE MAN. Orcio, thou must have heard the shouts, the firing?
We made a sally on the enemy.
Be of good heart; we shall not fall to-day,
Nor yet to-morrow.

ORCIO. I have heard, my father;
But these are not the sounds that reach my heart;
They strike the ear, and pass, and are forgotten.
Far other is the dread that makes me tremble.

THE MAN. Fear for my life?

ORCIO. No; for I know thy hour
Is not yet come.

THE MAN. We are alone together;
The weight has fallen from my soul to-day;
Heaped in the valley lie the slaughtered bodies
Of those I hate. Now tell me all thy thoughts,
And I will listen to thee as of old,
In our own home. Come, talk to me, my child.

ORCIO. O, come with me, my father; every night
A dreadful judgment scene is acted here!

[Goes to a door concealed in the wall, and opens it.

THE MAN. Where wilt thou go? Who told thee of this pas-
It leads to vaults profoundly dark, where moulder [sage?
The bones of victims of past ages.

ORCIO. Father,
Where eyes accustomed to the sunlight fail,
My spirit walks at will. Darkness to darkness.

(A subterranean vault ; iron gratings, fetters, broken instruments of torture, lie on the ground. "The Man" with a torch, at the foot of a block of stone, on which Orcio stands.)

THE MAN. Come down to me, my child.

ORCIO. O, seest thou not
Their forms, my father ? hear'st thou not their voices ?

THE MAN. As silent as the grave ; as dark ; — the torch
Casts its gleam only a few steps before us.

ORCIO. Nearer ; — still nearer ; — ever more distinct.
One after one glides through the narrow archway,
And takes his place upon the bench of judgment.

THE MAN. My sentence is accomplished in thy madness.
O Orcio, thou wilt take from me my strength
Now when I need it most !

ORCIO. The pale, stern judges
Are all assembled for the dreadful trial ;
The shadowy form of the accused glides forward.

CHORUS OF VOICES. Power has been given to us, once bound
and tortured,
Scourged, torn by pincers, wasted by slow poisons ;
Power has been given to us to bind and torture,
To judge and to condemn.

ORCIO. The accused ! the accused !
He wrings his hands !

THE MAN. Who is it ?

ORCIO. Father ! Father !

A VOICE. In thee, the accursed race shall have an end.
In thee it has collected all its power,
All its fierce passions, its ungoverned will,
And its relentless pride, — in thee to perish !

CHORUS OF VOICES. Thou that hast felt nor love nor rever-
But for thyself and thy own mind's creations, [ence,
Thou art condemned, — thou art condemned for ever !

THE MAN. I can see nothing, but I hear beneath me,
Above me, at my side, deep groans and sighing,
With threats and curses.

ORCIO. He has raised his head,
Like thee when thou art angered, — answers them
With haughty words, as thou in scorn, my father.

CHORUS OF VOICES. In vain, in vain ! For him there is no
No rescue, or in heaven or on earth ! [rescue,

A VOICE. Yet a few days of that vain earthly glory
Thy fathers robbed from ours, and thou shalt perish, —
Thou and thy brothers ; and your burial
Shall be, like ours, unblest of funeral rites ;
Your death unsoothed by tear of friend or kindred,
Like ours upon this stony bed of sorrow.

THE MAN. I know you, evil spirits ! phantom fires
Flitting about among angelic giants. [*Goes a few steps forward.*]

ORCIO. O Father, I implore thee, go not there !
O, by the holy name of Christ, I pray thee !

THE MAN. Speak, speak ! what seest thou there ?

ORCIO. The form —

THE MAN. Is whose ?

ORCIO. Thy other self ; — all pale, — all bound in chains.
O, now they torture thee ! I hear thy shrieks.
Forgive me, father ; mother came to me
And bade me —

THE MAN. Ha ! This, this alone was wanting !
My own child leads me to the gates of hell !
Mary, thou unrelenting spirit ! — God ! —
And thou, the other Mary, unto whom
I have so often prayed ! — Here, then, begin
The pain, the darkness, of infinity. —
Back, back to action, — yet, for some short space,
To strive with men ; and after, — strife eternal !

CHORUS OF VOICES (*in the distance*).
Thou that hast never loved or revered
Aught but thyself and thy own intellect,
Thou art condemned, — thou art condemned for ever !

The terrors of the invisible world have no more power than the actual dangers that press about him, to subdue the spirit of Count Henry. He returns to his post ; and, though he knows now that the doom of the nobles is sealed, he resolves to continue the defence of the place, with all vigor, to the last ; and to compel his companions in arms to keep the oath by which they have bound themselves to die rather than descend to the ignominy of capitulation with so mean a foe. In the mean time, dissension and insubordination increase within the castle. Provisions fail. The strength and courage of the besieged sink with every moment. At this juncture, an ambassador arrives from the insurgent people, who, having spent several weeks, to no purpose, in the siege of the castle, grow impatient, and are ready to assure their lives to the besieged, on condition of their surrender.

In this envoy we meet once more the worthy "Godfather," who, having always professed republican principles, joined the revolutionary movement at its commencement, and has since been hurried along with it. The ambassador is ushered into a hall where the chief of the remaining nobility are assembled. At the head of the room stands "The Man," resolute and pitiless. At his feet kneel old men and children, looking up with imploring, eager gaze. Counts and princes stand in groups about the room, and discourse apart. Women, with wasted, anxious faces, watch the scene.

VOICES. There is yet time ; do not dismiss the envoy.

GODFATHER. My life has been that of a citizen.

I pay no heed to thy reproaches, Henry.

If I have taken on myself this office,

It is because I know the age we live in,

And how to estimate its worth. Pancratius

Is, so to speak, the representative —

THE MAN. Out of my sight !

[*Aside to Jakób.*

Bring hither a detachment.

BARON. Count, thou hast been our ruin.

ANOTHER.

We renounce

Obedience to thee.

A PRINCE. We will ourselves

Arrange with this distinguished citizen

The terms of the surrender of the castle.

GODFATHER. Friends, the illustrious man who sent me hither

Promises you entire security,

If you will join with him and recognize

The spirit of the age.

SOME VOICES. We recognize it.

THE MAN. When ye chose me, I took a solemn oath

To die upon these walls, and I will keep it.

And you shall all of you die here with me.

You would yet save your lives ? Ha ! ask your fathers

Why they oppressed and tyrannized.

(*To a Count.*)

And thou,

Wherefore didst thou oppress and grind thy serfs ?

(*To a second.*)

Why didst thou pass away thy youth in gaming

And foreign travel ?

(*To another.*)

Thou didst scorn the low,

And cringe before the great.

[*Stands up and stretches out his arms to the assembly.*

Why all this haste

To rush upon dishonor ? What allurement
 Hath shame for you, that you thus fondly court it ?
 On, on with me, my friends, and I will lead you
 Where bayonets flash and bullets hail ; not there
 Where stands the gibbet and the silent hangman,
 Holding the halter twisted for your necks.

SOME VOICES. The Count says well. Let us to arms !

VOICES OF WOMEN. Our children !

ANOTHER VOICE. Not even a crumb of bread.

MANY VOICES. We must surrender.

The terms ! the terms !

At this moment Jakób returns with the detachment of soldiers for whom he had been sent by Count Henry.

THE MAN (*goes up to the Godfather and seizes him*).

Inviolable person of the herald,
 Forth from my sight, and hide that silver head
 Under the tents of Jews and shoemakers,
 Before I dye its white hairs in thy blood.

[*Jakób enters with a detachment of armed men.*

Here, take your aim at this old dotard's brow,
 Seamed with the furrows of a useless learning.
 Aim at this cap of liberty that trembles
 Before my breath, upon this brainless head.

[*The Godfather escapes.*

ALL. Bind him and give him over to Pancratius.

“ The Man ” turns to the common soldiers, his own retainers, and, passing from man to man, recalls to them the kindness they have received from him, the dangers they have shared with him. With one accord they shout, “ Long live Count Henry ! ”

“ The Man ” returns to the battlements, and the defence is again conducted with the same vigor as if there yet remained to the besieged any hope of rescue. The foe is once more driven back discomfited. But at length the ammunition fails, and there is nothing left but to wait for the storming of the castle, and resist the assailants hand to hand. “ The Man ” sends his trusty servant Jakób to bring him his son, that he may yet once more embrace him. Leaning upon a sconce, he awaits the return of Jakób.

THE MAN. The smoke of battle dims my eyes. The valley
 Now heaves, and now is sinking ; the rocks split,

Cross at a hundred angles ; and my thoughts,
 Too, follow a strange course. — To be a man,
 O, it is nothing worth ; to be an angel
 Is nothing worth ; the chief of the archangels,
 After a few short ages of existence,
 As we, after a few short years, was weary,
 And thirsted in his soul for higher power.
 We must be God or nothing.

He orders Jakób, who enters with his son, to take some men with him, and, going through the castle, to drive all he meets to the walls.

THE MAN. Come here, my son, and lay thy hand in mine,
 And let me press my lips upon thy brow ;
 Thy mother's forehead was thus white and soft.

ORCIO. I heard her voice to-day, before thy soldiers
 Took to their arms ; her words flowed soft as perfume.
 She said, " This evening thou shalt be with me."

THE MAN. Made she no mention of my name ?

ORCIO. She said,
 " My son shall be with me to-day, at evening."

THE MAN. Shall my strength fail me at my journey's end ?
 Not so, O God ! Yet a short while of daring,
 I am thy prisoner through eternity.

My child, forgive me that I gave thee life.
 We shall be parted. Dost thou know how widely ?

ORCIO. Hold me, my father ; do not let me go.
 I will draw thee with me.

THE MAN. Our paths divide.
 Among the heavenly choirs forget thy father.
 Cast me not down even a drop of dew
 From thy blest height. Orcio ! my son ! my son !

ORCIO. What are these cries ? — I tremble ; — ever louder ; —
 Still nearer, — nearer. Musketry and cannon. —
 Now the predicted hour draws near to us.

THE MAN. My son, I would that this embrace might bind us
 For ever, but my lot is cast elsewhere.

[*Orcio falls, struck by a bullet.*

VOICE (*from above*).

Hither, pure spirit ! Come to me, my son !

THE MAN (*holds the blade of his sword to the mouth of Orcio*).
 Clear as before ; both breath and life are fled.
 On there ! They are within our swords' reach. On ! —
 Down to the abyss, ye sons of liberty !

The next scene presents us with another part of the fortifications. Jakób lies stretched out upon the wall, dying. "The Man" rushes in, covered with blood, and receives the last breath, and, with the last breath, the curses, of the dying soldier. He casts his sword from him.

THE MAN. I need thee now no more. My men are dead,
And those mean wretches kneel before the conqueror,
And howl for mercy. *[Looks about him.]*

They come not this way.
There is yet time ; I will rest here awhile.
Now they are entering the northern tower ;
Ha ! the new people in the northern tower !
Now they are seeking Henry. I am here ;
But not by you will I be tried and sentenced ;
I go before the judgment-seat of God.

[Stands upon a fragment of rock that overhangs the precipice.]
I see it black, like a vast sea of darkness,
Flowing towards me, my eternity.
No shore ; no islands ; in the centre, God,—
A sun, that, ever burning, ever glowing,
Gives yet no light. *[Goes a step farther forward.]*

They come ! — O Poetry !
Be thou accursed, as I shall be, for ever !
Arms, pierce these waves ! *[Springs from the rock.]*

With Henry dies the cause of the noble. The feeble remnant of the aristocrats are driven before the triumphant mob into the court-yard of the castle, there to receive their doom at the hands of the relentless Pancratius.

PANCRATIUS. Thy name ?

COUNT. Is Christopher of Volsagunia.

PANCRATIUS. For the last time thou hast pronounced it. — Thine ?

PRINCE. Ladislaus, lord of Czarnolas.

PANCRATIUS. Pass on.

For the last time thou hast pronounced it. — Thine ?

BARON. My name is Theodore of Godalberg.

PANCRATIUS. Cancelled henceforth. Pass on.

LEONARD. How many are there still ?

PANCRATIUS. Take them all hence.
Let their blood flow, a warning to the world.

The worthy Godfather, presuming on his early services in the cause of republicanism, ventures to stand forth as intercessor for his former friends.

GODFATHER. I stand as mediator
Between thee and thy prisoners, this band
Of worthy citizens, who placed the keys
Of this strong fortress of St. Trinity,
Great leader, in thy honorable hands.

PANCRATIUS. Peace ! I know not of any mediator
Between me and the conquered. Thou thyself
See to the execution of their sentence.

GODFATHER. My life has been that of a citizen ;
Of this the proofs are neither few nor small.
But when I joined myself to you, it was not
That I might be the butcher of my brothers.

PANCRATIUS. Away with the old pedant ! let him follow
The same road with his brothers.

Pancratius demands of all tidings of Count Henry ; and promises his life to any one of the condemned aristocrats who can point out his place of concealment, or give assurance of his death. They can only reply, that they saw him fighting till the last moment that resistance was possible, and then suddenly lost sight of him. A detachment of soldiers enters from the walls. Pancratius demands of their leader if he has gathered news of the former commander of the castle.

LEADER OF THE DETACHMENT. Citizen chief, I acted
Under command of General Bianchetti ;
As we approached the entrance of the castle,
In the direction of the western sconces,
At the third turning of the bastion,
I saw a man standing, unarmed and wounded,
Beside another body ; I gave orders
To quicken step, that we might seize upon him ;
But ere we reached him, he went down still lower,
Stood for an instant on a tottering rock,
And cast about him a wild, hurried look ;
Then, stretching up his arms as one who dives,
Threw himself forward with his utmost force.
All of us heard the sound, as of a body
Dashing against the rocks. A few steps off,
We found this sabre.

PANCRATIUS. Blood upon the hilt.
Here the heraldic bearings of his house. —
Henry alone of you has kept his word.
Glory to him, — to you the guillotine.

I place in your hands, General Bianchetti,
The charge of the dismantling of the fortress,
And the fulfilment of the sentence. — Leonard !

[*Goes up on to the bastion with Leonard.*]

LEONARD. After so many anxious, sleepless nights,
Master, thou hast great need of rest ; fatigue
And care are stamped upon thy features.

PANCRATIUS. Boy,
The time is not yet come for me to rest ;
With their last breath but half my work is finished.
Behold these plains, look on these rocky masses,
That stand between me and my thought. These hills
Must be cut through, these lakes must be united,
And the land portioned out among the people ;
That doubly so much life may fill these plains,
As death now lies on them. Thus and thus only
This work of desolation is atoned for.

LEONARD. The God of liberty will grant us strength.

For the first time the name of God has for the heart of
Pancratius a meaning and a terror.

PANCRATIUS. Speak'st thou of God ? 'T is slippery here with
[blood.]

LEONARD. Master, thou turnest pale.

PANCRATIUS. Seest thou ? — On high, on high !

LEONARD. Above the cliff
A cloud hangs, gilded by the setting sun.

PANCRATIUS. A dreadful sign burns on it.

LEONARD. Lean on me.
Master, thy cheek is every moment paler.

PANCRATIUS. A million heard my voice. Where are my people ?

LEONARD. Dost thou not hear their shouts ? They call on thee.
They wait for thee. O, turn away thy gaze !
Upon that rock thine eye will set in death.

PANCRATIUS. He stands immovable. Three nails ; three stars !

LEONARD. Who is it, master ?

PANCRATIUS. Galilæe, vicisti !

[*Falls into the arms of Leonard, and dies.*]

It is in this closing scene of the career of Pancratius, that
the moral, the leading idea of the piece, is at once disclosed
to us. In these dying words of the apostate emperor, — *Gal-*
*ilæe, vicisti,** — we read the final ascendancy of the faith of

* These words are attributed to the Emperor Julian.

Christ. Yet far different the triumph of the cross upon the field of battle over the fallen emperor, and the victory which, in the idea of the Christian poet, Christ wins in the humbled bosom of the baffled reformer of the world. The pagan saw in his defeat the manifest signs of the power of the Divinity he had assailed ; but over the skeptic of the age of reason Christianity gains no outward, sensible triumph. The visible church has fallen before him ; its ministers, its altars, have vanished at his fiat. It is in the hour of his victory that he is struck down by an invisible arm. It is when his genius has conducted all his projects to the very point of fulfilment, that the conviction of their nullity is forced upon him. The punishment of the confident, unscrupulous leader of the people is the just and fitting one. Not cruel by nature, never sharing for an instant the fierce passions of the mob he controlled, he has walked calm and inflexible through his career of blood and ruin, his eye fixed upon the point when, this preparatory work accomplished, his all-controlling intellect shall reorganize the materials of the social fabric, and build up a new system upon the foundation of reason and equal justice. But this work is taken from his hands. He finds that he has been destined only to the office of the destroyer ; of the work of restoration he is unworthy.

Yet is the judgment which falls on this man of common mould less fearful than the doom which visits him on whom God had laid the most sacred of his gifts. The noble, the man of genius, he whose eyes had been opened to see the higher light, whose lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, but who had turned his gaze from heaven, who had refused to bear the messages of inspiration, dies obstinate and defying. The man of coarser senses has not seen the light, but he has not closed his eyes against it ; he has not known truth, but he has not defied it. It is in his dying hour that Heaven first offers him its grace. In the recognition of his errors he finds both his punishment and his pardon. In the instant of his prostration his former career passes before him, with all its crimes, its mistakes. He knows now that peace springs not from strife ; that mercy and equity are not born of violence and revenge. Confident in strength and in wisdom, he has dared to arrogate to himself the office of dispenser of destinies ; he would thrust himself, unbidden, into the counsels of Providence ; — now, in his new humility, he

owns that there is a power greater than that of a mighty intellect urged by a resolute will ; he feels that, though the strong of head and arm, the stern of purpose, the violent in action, be mighty in their day, yet such are not the instruments by which God works out his highest ends ; that though it be heroic to resist and to strive, it is greater yet to suffer and to wait. It is by his wounds that he recognizes the Redeemer : — “ Trzy gwoździe, trzy gwiazdy.”

Thus pass from the scene the obstinate champion of the Past, the confident man of the Present ; heroes of a tragedy to be acted on another continent, in another time. Yet, as these visionary forms, called from the future of a distant land, glide by us, they pass not without a sign of monition. Not on the serf-tilled fields of the elder world alone is the battle fought between established prerogative and yet unrecognized claim. Wherever man has lived and is to live, there the memories of the past and the hopes of the future will sometimes come in conflict. Neither are these memories to be cherished with superstitious worship, nor with regardless impetuosity are these hopes to be pursued. Linked, period with period, as child and parent, are the successive stages of earth's history. We hold not from the past only its errors and its abuses ; the high and noble thought, the generous aspiration, these also are its legacies, the fruit of its toil, its sacrifice, its pain. Let, then, the present lay a courageous but a reverent hand upon the relics of the dead time, and let the closing era cheer on its way, or check but with kindly counsel, the eager youthful age that presses forward, to be itself a past to the yet unborn aspirants for another future.

The faith that the Christian poet would inculcate is faith in the power of love and of patience. Yet no inactive love, no sluggish patience. To every man upon God's earth it is given to work for the coming of his kingdom. But let those who would labor for God labor godlike. Let them forbear the unwise zeal, the hot impatience, of those who would sow the seed and reap the harvest within the hour ; unmindful that through long days and nights the sun must warm, the dews must water, before the humblest plant can struggle into life. The true reformer deems not with these. He has marked how slowly, and with what patience, even the All-powerful works out his ends. Reverently, then, and with a patient hope, he trusts to the earth's bosom the seed of the

future tree, careless that his eye shall not rest on its maturity ; faithful that, when he shall have gone hence, the powers of nature will yet do their work on it. Great and noble is this lofty calm, this holy trustfulness ; — how nobler than the fiery zeal, the impetuous rage, with which the lesser spirits of the earth rush on to battle with its ill and error. These, also, have, under God's providence, their office ; but it is as that of the tempest and the lightning, not of the genial rain and quickening sunshine. These, too, have their reward ; they shall be noted in their time ; for a season the world shall count them with its doers of great deeds. Vainly may such, earth's heroes of a day, aspire to stand among those chosen ones called to be fellow-workers with the Eternal.

ART. III. — 1. *Shakspeare's Plays, with his Life. Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts, executed by H. W. Hewet, after Designs by Henry Meadows, Harvey, and others.* Edited by GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, LL. D., with Critical Introductions, Notes, etc., Original and Selected. New York : Harper & Brothers. 3 vols. 8vo.

2. *Lectures on Shakspeare.* By H. N. HUDSON. New York : Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

THOSE who consider the science of criticism nothing more than a collection of arbitrary rules, and the art of criticism but their dexterous or declamatory application, rejoice in a system of admirable simplicity and barren results. It has the advantage of judging every thing and accounting for nothing, thus gratifying the pride of intellect without enjoining any intellectual exertion. By a steady adherence to its doctrines, a dunce may exalt himself to a pinnacle of judgment, from which the first authors of the world appear as splendid madmen, whose enormous writhings and contortions, as they occasionally blunder into grace and grandeur of motion, show an undisciplined strength, which would, if subjected to rule, produce great effects. A Bond-Street exquisite complacently surveying a thunder-scarred Titan